THE Nation

VOLUME 145 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 9, 1937 NUMBER 15

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 361

EDITORIALS:

HOPE IN EUROPE 364
THE BOYCOTT GROWS 364
ROBERT ALLEN'S ARTICLE 365
GOVERNMENT OF LAWYERS 366

HUGO BLACK—A PERSONAL HISTORY
by Max Lerner 367

FRANCE'S WOULD-BE FUEHRER
by Ludwig Lore 369

IN MEMORY OF MASARYK by Thomas Mann 373

THE RADIO PASTOR OF DEARBORN
by Harvey Pinney 374

DALLAS TRIES TERROR by George Lambert 376

BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES
Drawing by John Groth 378

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 379

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF THE MARY BONFIELD
by Riccardo Bacchelli 380
FRENCH MURAL by Lewis Galantière 381
"TO SEE OURSEL'S" by Melville J. Herskovits 382
THE TREASURE OF DEDALUS
by Morton Dauwen Zabel 382
BEAL: TESTIMONY AND SUMMATION
by James Rorty 384
OF TWO MINDS by Karl A. Menninger 385

Editors
FREDA KIRCHWEY MAX LERNER
Literary Editor *Associate Editor*
MARGARET MARSHALL MAXWELL S. STEWART
Dramatic Critic
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

✶

Publisher
FREDA KIRCHWEY

Hugo Van Arx, Business Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager.

Copyright, 1937, by The Nation, Inc.

The Shape of Things

✶

THE BLACK AFFAIR IS NO LONGER BEING discussed in the light of reason. Partisan anger reinforced by racial and religious feeling fills almost every comment on the Justice's speech. Those who were demanding an open statement of his relations with the Klan now either dismiss his words as disingenuous and deceptive or condemn them as a confession of guilt. Except in a few Democratic newspapers the chorus of attack is unbroken. A dangerous and vindictive determination to keep the issue alive and, if possible, to hound Justice Black from the court is manifest in even such sober journals as the New York *Times,* while the New York *Sun* has gone so far as to publish on its front page a faked photograph of the Supreme Court with a hooded Klansman in Black's seat. The violence of the attack is so obviously out of proportion to its occasion that an explanation must be sought in the darker recesses of American political life. Hatred of Roosevelt and the New Deal reached a climax in the fight against the court plan; but victory in that engagement brought no appeasement. The President's appointment of Black carried an undeniable implication of political reprisal, and the former Klan connections of the new Justice provided a made-to-order weapon of retaliation. It has been wielded without scruple or mercy and without regard to possible social consequences. The Justice contributed to the success of the attack by his mistaken policy of silence, which was easily interpreted as evasion.

✶

WHEN AT LAST HE SPOKE, JUSTICE BLACK said what he had to say compactly, simply, and in sufficient detail. He admitted his early Klan membership and flatly denied present or recent connection with the Klan. He cited his record in the Senate as proof of his freedom from and repudiation of bigotry, intolerance, and race prejudice. He has been criticized for failing to explain his motives in joining the Klan and then in leaving it. This, we believe, would have led him down intricate byways of autobiography and history that would have tended to confuse rather than clarify the issue. An elaborate *apologia pro sua vita* would only have added to the materials of controversy. His speech was dramatic in its sobriety and careful abstinence from drama; it was deliberate anti-climax. But it came too late and so has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largely failed to serve its intended purpose. No present act can wipe out the error of having failed to speak those same words when they still held the power to disarm opposition and anticipate exposure. A revelation has ten times the political explosive power of a simple admission of the same facts. Former membership in the Ku Klux Klan may prove a lighter load for the Justice to carry than the onus of silence at the wrong time.

✶

BUT THE FINAL WORD HAS NOT BEEN spoken. We doubt that the orgy of vituperation in the press accurately reflects the feeling of the mass of ordinary people. We take as indications the reactions of labor leaders and of various Democratic Congressmen and Senators who have risked mild statements of approval since Justice Black's talk; especially we note the support of Senators Wheeler and O'Mahoney. Reports from correspondents on the President's train reflected no adverse reactions in the sections of the country through which Mr. Roosevelt has been traveling. The fact is that the verdict of the people is still to be heard. And it is not unlikely that their verdict may be summed up in some such words as these: "Black may have made some bad mistakes but he has lived them down. He is no Klansman, and he doesn't deserve the things the newspapers are saying about him. He is against the crowd that want to run the country for big business. He is in favor of laws to raise wages and shorten hours. He stands for a decent living for working men and women. So we think he is a good man to have on the Supreme Court. And we don't like the idea of going on bludgeoning a man who can't hit back."

✶

THE LOSS OF LIUHANG NORTH OF SHANGHAI and of Tehchow in Shantung province indicates that Chinese resistance is breaking in the face of superior Japanese arms. The situation in North China is particularly critical. City after city has been given up after only a nominal defense, leaving the strongly fortified region around Shihchiachuang as the last line of defense north of the Yellow River. Reports from northern Shansi have been conflicting, but it appears that the advantage gained by a major victory of the Eighth Route Army—composed of Communist troops—was lost when the Shansi provincial troops gave way to the Japanese. At least part of the Communist forces are said to have abandoned mass defense and adopted the mobile guerrilla tactics which they formerly used to good effect against Chiang Kai-shek's crack troops. In the Shanghai area the Japanese have yet to break through the "Maginot" line which has been carefully prepared as a secondary line of defense. But neutral observers are doubtful of the ability of the Chinese to hold out long before Japan's overwhelming superiority in artillery and airplanes. Meanwhile, hopes that China may obtain the supplies necessary for prolonged resistance have been raised by developments on the international front. Without giving any indication of his purpose, the Soviet ambassador at Nanking departed suddenly for Moscow by the new air route through Sinkiang. The British Air Minister has agreed to permit an unspecified number of the latest British fighting machines to be sold to China. And negotiations for additional planes are reported to have been entered into with American manufacturers. Behind these moves is the League's recognition—implied in its denunciation of the bombing of Chinese cities by the Japanese—of its obligation to see that China is not denied such assistance as it is entitled to under international law.

✶

BETHLEHEM STEEL HAD NOTHING TO DO with the Citizens' National Committee—but Sidney D. Evans, plant-management representative in Johnstown, turned over to Francis C. Martin, then chairman of the C. N. C. and cashier of the United States National Bank of Johnstown, some $30,000. Mayor Daniel Shields had nothing to do either with the company or the committee —but the $30,000 which Mr. Evans gave to Mr. Martin somehow found its way into the hands of Mayor Shields. The Mayor's city government was completely neutral and concerned only with maintaining law and order during the Cambria strike. To this end the city purchased 200 special police badges, 234 police helmets, and four boxes of cartridges. The city records, however, show no expenditures for wages for the special policemen that walked under the helmets, flashed the badges, and broke up union picket lines. Perhaps it is only our addiction to jigsaw puzzles that makes us feel sure that we know where Mr. Evans's $30,000 fits into this ingeniously carved picture which the experts of the National Labor Relations Board are piecing together in their Johnstown hearings. A minor but interesting item is the tale told by Michael J. Sewak, burgess of the borough where the Cambria strike "trouble" centered. He testified that on two occasions officials of Bethlehem Steel offered to clear up a bit of financial trouble for him if he would "go along" and swear in the Bethlehem police as special officers. Mr. Sewak refused to go along. The revelations at Johnstown make such enlightening reading that we can quite understand why they are not being played up more vividly in the press.

✶

CONSIDERING THE SERVICE WHICH THE NLRB is rendering the American labor movement by such civic achievements as the exposure of the Citizens' National Committee, the continuing attack on it of the A. F. of L. on the ground that it is pro-C. I. O. is both despicable and dangerous. Some sense of responsibility must have flickered up during the drafting of the report of the A. F. of L. executive council, for the section discussing the board was surprisingly mild in contrast with recent violent statements of Green and others. At the same time Robert S. Allen reports from the West Coast that the A. F. of L. leaders there are ready to join with employers in crippling the NLRB if by so doing they can deliver a blow to the C. I. O. And certainly the spirit which dominates the A. F. of L. meeting at Denver is one which would stop at nothing in the war on the Lewis group. Mr. Green's violent opening speech, in which he said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the federation would build "the greatest fighting machine that was ever created within the ranks of labor" to wipe out the C. I. O., shows that we may expect no peace at this juncture. The fact that the membership of the A. F. of L. has increased by some 800,000, whatever the reasons for this growth, means that it will resist all the more stubbornly the terms on which alone the C. I. O. will consent to negotiate. There will be active and bitter warfare until the C. I. O., which now approximately equals the A. F. of L. in membership, rolls up another two or three million. Meanwhile we hope that the NLRB will not become a casualty in that war.

*

MANY GERMAN JEWS MAY BE RELEASED SOON from Nazi concentration camps, not because the anti-Semitic fever is abating in government circles of the sick Reich but in order to make room for new victims. The Jews who are released—and they will not include those considered politically dangerous—will be free to leave the country, and encouraged to do so, provided they have enough money left to be admitted to another country after the Nazis have extracted their pound of flesh in the form of a large emigration tax. Most of the thousand Jews who are estimated to be still confined have spent from one to four years in Hitler's prisons; but when they come out those who are not able to escape to other countries will merely find themselves in the larger and, it may be, the more brutal prison of the Third Reich itself. The handling of the Jewish question now has been given over to the local leaders of the Nazi Party. This would seem to indicate a return to the early days of Nazi policy; and it sounds ominously like throwing a bone to a pack of snarling dogs. There is evidence that the German people take little interest in the persecution of Jews—for instance, "Aryans" occupy the yellow benches in Berlin plazas and otherwise disregard anti-Semitic signs. But we may be sure that petty officials authorized to persecute a minority group will indulge to the full the sadistic impulse to which Nazism has given such inhuman scope.

*

THE PASTORAL LETTER ISSUED LAST MONTH by the Catholic hierarchy of Spain is proving the boomerang that its authors so richly deserve. Its purpose was to offset Catholic discontent with General Franco as a champion of Christian civilization—the savage tactics of that Christian knight, his employment of Moors, and his close association with the neo-pagan, Catholic-baiting followers of Hitler having spread much doubt among the faithful. In their efforts to restore the solidarity of Catholic opinion and obtain unequivocal recognition from the Vatican, the Spanish prelates overreached themselves. Catholics elsewhere in the world have maintained a stony and possibly embarrassed silence. And now a broad and significant sector of Protestant opinion in the United States has published an open letter demanding an end to that silence. The letter, signed by 150 Protestant clergymen, educators, and distinguished laymen, finds "alarming" the hierarchy's "attempt to justify a military rebellion against a legally elected government" and its "open hostility toward popular government." And it asks a number of pertinent questions: "Is the Spanish hierarchy speaking for itself or for the Catholic church as a whole?" "Does it have, as it claims to have, the sympathetic approval of the Vatican?" "Does this pastoral letter . . . reflect the political views of the Catholic church in America?" It demands answers to these questions as it has every right to do. However annoyed American Catholics may be at the Spanish prelates for jockeying them into their present position, the fact remains that they now have to speak out, to split Catholic opinion publicly and unequivocally or openly to accept fascism as the protector of the faith.

*

WITH THE FRANC NEAR ITS ALL-TIME LOW mark, the Radical Socialists in the Chautemps Cabinet have forced the Socialists to accept a series of compromises which are almost tantamount to abandonment of the Popular Front program. Under pressure from the financial interests the Cabinet has agreed to limit the application of the forty-hour week and to prevent sitdown strikes such as proved so effective in the summer of 1936. The surrender of the Socialists on the question of the forty-hour week is particularly surprising in view of the general success of the emergency measures adopted last summer. M. Bonnet, the Minister of Finance, recently reported that the 1938 budget will not only be balanced but show a surplus of 1,600,000,000 francs. Recent funding operations have been successful, and it has been announced that the Caisse d'Amortissement will redeem four billion francs of the national debt in the coming year. Thus Blum has not even the excuse of MacDonald in abandoning his reform program under pressure from the right. France is not faced by a national crisis, nor is there any threat of a new deterioration in economic conditions. It is true that opposition to the Radical Socialists' proposals might have imperiled the Popular Front. But if the Popular Front has reached the point where its only function is to obtain the left's support for a reactionary program, it is high time for it to be supplanted by a new and more vigorous grouping of the left parties.

*

WHEN THE NEW PICTURE MAGAZINES FIRST appeared, we kept our fingers crossed and waited to discover any social philosophy in them other than an avid desire for circulation. Significantly it is *Look*, reaching the lower-middle-income groups, which is first showing some social insight. For all its sensationalism *Look* is doing a first-rate job in laying bare some of the ills of American society. In the issues of October 12 and 26 it gives two impressive spreads on civil liberties. Lynchings, vigilantism, the victims of Black Legion and Klan, the Harlan terror, and Scottsboro, Mooney, and Sacco-Vanzetti incidents—these are some of the scenes presented. Only rarely are the punches pulled, and the accompanying script is simple and clear. *Look* has a circulation of a million and three-quarters, and that means an enormous potential influence. We congratulate Publisher Cowles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Managing Editor Pope for their achievement. And the best of it is that the advance copy we have just seen of their forthcoming spread on slum housing indicates that this new pictorial liberalism is not just a flash in the pan.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH IN CHICAGO ON THE international crisis was released too late for extended comment in this issue. But its portent is so grave and yet so full of hopeful possibilities that we cannot go to press without a word of approval. That Mr. Roosevelt could, returning from the West, so boldly challenge the isolationist sentiment of the country and so clearly warn of the dangers to our own nation that lurk in an irresponsible, hands-off foreign policy shows courage as well as vision. His attack on the outlaw powers was direct enough to obviate the need of naming names. The speech seems to imply, indeed to promise, action both in Western Europe and in the East.

Hope in Europe

TO A world that has become accustomed to successive retreats on the part of the democratic nations, the recent developments in Europe come as an unexpected relief. The Nyon piracy patrol, though highly important, could be explained on grounds of immediate self-defense. But the action of the League in calling upon Italy to withdraw its armed forces under the threat of abandoning "non-intervention" represents a complete shift in policy. For the first time since the outbreak of the Spanish conflict the democracies of Europe have formed a front against fascist aggression.

In contrast to the non-intervention days it is France rather than Great Britain that is determining policy. It was France's threat to reopen its border to the passage of supplies for the Spanish government, together with the rumor that French troops might be sent to balance the Italian troops, which forced Britain to formulate the demand for the withdrawal of Mussolini's "volunteers." While it may seem peculiar that a Cabinet headed by a Radical Socialist should take a firmer stand in support of Spain than the Blum Cabinet took, there can be no doubt that public sentiment in both France and England has shifted toward the Loyalists in recent months. The red bogy which was so influential in the early days of the conflict has lost much of its potency since the formation of the moderate Negrin government. The pirate submarine campaign and Italy's boastings of the exploits of its troops have destroyed all illusions about the extent of Italian intervention. It has become clear that an insurgent victory gained under these conditions would practically close the Mediterranean to France and Britain in war time. Moreover, Japan's preoccupation in China has given the anti-fascist powers new confidence that a strong stand will not lead to war.

While any concerted action on the part of the European democracies is ground for optimism, many elements of danger still lurk in the situation. The British government has a disconcerting habit of offsetting every move in defense of democracy with a concession to fascism. In this case Britain is almost certain to offer—besides recognition of the Ethiopian conquest—the extension of belligerent rights to the Spanish insurgents in return for a promise to withdraw Italian "volunteers." There is even danger that Britain may go so far as to promise material aid for the rebels if the Italian troops are withdrawn. On the other hand, if Mussolini refuses to withdraw his troops, as he is almost certain to do, we can by no means be sure that Britain will support immediate action to open the frontier. And the possibility of a strong stand on the part of France is somewhat reduced by the seriousness of its present internal economic crisis. With the Chautemps government under heavy pressure from the right on domestic policy, it will be difficult for it to assert its independence on the question of Spain. It is not impossible, however, that the right parties themselves may demand the end of non-intervention if Mussolini is too obstinate.

Perhaps the most encouraging element in the diplomatic situation is the evidence that neither Germany nor Italy is so closely welded to the Berlin-Rome axis that it could not be detached. Despite the excellent show that Hitler staged for Mussolini on the occasion of his recent visit, it is questionable that the Reich would support Italy in a refusal to withdraw its troops from Spain. On its part the Reich has shown some anxiety lest the three-power conference arranged by England and France presage the restoration of the Stresa front. The plain truth is that Germany and Italy together are not strong enough to fight a war against the combined forces of the Soviet Union and the democratic powers. Consequently either would readily drop the axis if it could obtain an agreement with Great Britain. This fact is helpful in that it allows considerable latitude for maneuvering, but it is also dangerous in that it may easily lead to unjustified concessions. The non-fascist powers have gained an excellent strategic position, but diplomacy is no game for weaklings. The game must be played through to the finish with courage and resolution.

The Boycott Grows

NOT since the days of the British peace ballot has there been such an impressive demonstration of the desire of the common people for collective action against war as the spontaneous rise of a boycott movement against Japanese goods. Two months ago, when Japanese forces staged the Lukouchiao incident, the morale of peace forces everywhere was at its lowest ebb. The League had failed successively in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Spain. Disillusioned by the apparent weakness of government policy in all the democracies, public opinion had settled into an apathy. Then, suddenly, the Japanese overreached themselves. The inexplicable attack on the British ambassador (for which no clear apology was ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issued), the merciless bombing of civilians in open cities, and the attacks on fishing fleets brought home the bloody reality of Japanese aggression. Thoroughly aroused, a number of groups began casting about for a means of putting a stop to these brutal outrages. For the first time the word "boycott" began to appear in the daily press. Almost without warning the movement catapulted itself into the headlines. People began to realize that they had within their hands a weapon powerful enough to bring an end to the campaign of frightfulness which the fascist nations have been waging throughout the world.

Strangely enough, it was in Great Britain rather than in the United States that the boycott idea first caught on. The groups which sponsored the famous peace poll and were responsible for the remarkable protest against the Hoare-Laval plan for the partition of Ethiopia—the League of Nations Association, the churches, the trade unions, and progressive elements in both the Liberal and the Labor Party—began to demand action against Japanese aggression. Nor has the protest been confined to idealists and left-wingers. The head of the largest chain of milk bars in Great Britain canceled an order for 100,000,000 Japanese straws. A group of prominent British industrialists met and decided to appeal to the insurance companies to find means of restoring British trade with China, which was practically suspended as the result of Lloyd's refusal to insure ordinary cargoes in the war zone. Even more significant was the approval by the British Air Minister of the sale of a number of first-class Gloster fighting planes to the Chinese government. And finally a powerful movement has arisen, supported by the Labor Party, for a government embargo on all trade with Japan.

Meanwhile in the United States—the birthplace of the boycott—we see encouraging indications that the movement is growing despite the apathy of many of the peace organizations. Boycott resolutions are to be introduced in the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. conventions, with an excellent chance that they will be adopted by both bodies. A nation-wide consumers'-boycott movement was launched by the American League against War and Fascism at Madison Square Garden in New York City on October 1. An audience attending a national business conference in Wellesley, Massachusetts, voted almost unanimously for a boycott. Picketing of the five-and-ten-cent stores, which sell considerable quantities of Japanese-made goods, started a week ago. And an American of world prominence, whose name cannot be disclosed, has indicated his willingness to lead a nation-wide movement. On the Pacific Coast there is a possibility that members of the Maritime Federation will refuse to handle war shipments to Japan.

The consumers' boycott, backed by appropriate labor-union action, is the safest and most effective of all devices for curbing aggression. The government cannot possibly be accused of unneutral action; not even a dictatorship can compel persons to buy Japanese goods. Nor is any serious injury to American manufacturers and workers involved. The same machines and the same workers that now turn out silk dresses and hosiery can be used for the production of goods made of rayon and lisle. Many American industries would actually profit by the diversion of trade from Japanese to American products. Storekeepers would not be affected one way or the other, for they can readily cancel their Japanese orders if the public refuses to buy Japanese goods. The only persons who would face a real loss are those who supply war materials to Japan. And even here the loss would be much less than is ordinarily thought. The cotton farmer, producer of America's chief export to Japan, is protected against loss by the cotton loans which have already been authorized on the 1937 crop. Because of the domestic shortage of scrap-iron, American steel interests would actually be benefited by the checking of exports to Japan.

A boycott of necessity involves some loss on both sides. But the sacrifice demanded of the boycotter in this case is insignificant in the light of what such a move would accomplish. The Japanese invasion of China can be brought to a halt within three months if the people of Great Britain and the United States—Japan's principal customers—stop buying Japanese goods. And if Japan is stopped, the danger of a new world war will be immeasurably reduced. "Don't Buy Silk" is a slogan which may revive in a disillusioned world the possibility of collective action for peace.

Robert Allen's Article

THE following letter was received by *The Nation* after it had appeared in the morning papers of September 29:

In your issue of September 25, 1937, you carried a story, Who "Exposed" Black? by Robert S. Allen, in which is charged a conspiracy between Paul Block, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and some others whom you do not definitely identify.

This letter does not in the least concern itself with Mr. Justice Black. It is intended to call your attention only to the absolute falsity of the main statements in the libel, such as "Frank Prince dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based"; and the charge is made that Paul Block and the *Post-Gazette* are in some way involved in a gumshoe job on John L. Lewis.

This whole matter is a figment of the imagination, wholly unwarranted and unjustified so far as the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, Mr. Block, or Mr. Sprigle are concerned. The latter is on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, was assigned to the task, and exclusively did the work in gathering the material which went into the articles published by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* relating to the Klan and Justice Black.

Frank Prince is wholly unknown to Mr. Paul Block, who, up to the time when his attention was called to your article, had never heard of him. This may be true with respect to Mr. Sprigle, although I have not had the opportunity of asking him. Frank Prince has never, directly or indirectly, been in the employ or hire in any capacity whatsoever of either the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* or Mr. Paul Block, and was in no wise associated with or connected with Mr. Sprigle in the Black-Klan articles.

This vicious effort to make it appear that they or either

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them had anything to do with any investigation of John L. Lewis is a libel which you could have avoided printing by a single inquiry. The malice with which these false charges were written and published is apparent on the face thereof. That you should have made no effort to verify any of the accusations contained in this article and hinted at in the editorial which preceded it is inconceivable but nevertheless the fact.

Demand is herewith made that you publish at once a complete and absolute withdrawal of each and every of these accusations. I would be pleased to hear from you as to your intention in the matter.

MAX D. STEUER

Mr. Allen, who wrote the article Mr. Steuer complains of, is an experienced Washington correspondent whose writings are published in newspapers throughout the country. That the statements made in the article were neither written nor published in malice should go without saying. If in fact they did an injustice to Mr. Block or the *Post-Gazette* in any particular, we can only express our regret.

But Mr. Allen did *not* say that Mr. Block hired Mr. Prince to dig up the Klan connections of Justice Black. Mr. Allen tooks pains to say, "Who employed him [Prince] for this important work is still a matter of unconfirmed clues and reports," and that it was "certain not definitely identified anti-Administration business interests" which hired Mr. Prince. But even if Mr. Allen had made the statement Mr. Steuer implies, we fail to see why it should give offense. Surely it is not improper for a newspaper or its publisher to use material gathered by an experienced investigator for a story that it is planning to publish. Nor is there any objection to a newspaper or its publisher investigating John L. Lewis or any other public figure. But it was not Mr. Block or his paper, according to Mr. Allen, that was planning such an investigation. The article neither stated nor implied this, and how Mr. Steuer read such implications into it we do not know. If any other reader so interpreted it we wish to make it clear that this was not intended.

The main point of the article, which seems to have been obscured in this discussion, was that Mr. Block and others were engaged in an attempt to "destroy the crusading New Dealer's [Justice Black's] usefulness on the bench and force President Roosevelt to abandon his fight to liberalize the court."

Government of Lawyers

THERE is a now hoary classroom joke about our country being "a government of lawyers and not of men." Our government and our lawyers seem both to have taken it to heart; the Administration is on a furious rampage to prove that the lawyers are Sinister Forces, and the embattled lawyers are determined to show that the Administration is a Malignant Monster. A few weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt had his innings in his Constitution Day address, which was a consummate literary performance, whatever else it may have been. And now the American Bar Association has been meeting in Kansas City, and the cries of rage are audible on both seaboards.

The advantage lies, of course, with the President, for the confusion of tongues at a convention can never match the clear voice of one man. Perhaps to achieve the desired unity, the Bar Association gathering has caught hold of a certain moot issue concerning the Klan and the judiciary, and seems to have turned itself by one accord into a Black Watch. We doubt whether the affair was planned to become so obsessive. The schedule seems to have called for the usual speeches and resolutions against the New Deal, against bureaucracy, against dictatorship, and against et cetera. New elements were speeches against court-packing and the creation of a sort of public-relations committee to "interpret" the legal profession to the public. There was even the usual unexpected thunderbolt, this time in the form of a scorching speech by President Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago University, which stripped the delegates of their self-respect and professional hocus-pocus. But the convention recovered at the name of Black, and by hurling various resolutions at the new justice it struck the President at a vulnerable point in his armor.

We shall not conceal the fact that we regard the American Bar Association with distaste. It is the most reactionary wing of a reactionary profession. It has shown consistent stupidity and, what is worse, has been invariably boring. It typifies to the full the blindness of a ruling class that is marching straight to chaos because it dare not save itself with moderation.

Nevertheless, we shall not conceal the fact that we do not believe Mr. Roosevelt has hurled his bolts at the legal profession wisely or well. He has given the lawyers far too great an importance in our social system. It is true that De Tocqueville once called the lawyers the only aristocracy America had developed. And it is true also that lawyers have done much to mold our history, at least outwardly, through their influence upon our political and constitutional system. But we must remember that with the growth of business enterprise lawyers have become increasingly commercialized and have increasingly been drawn within the orbit of the giant corporations. It is a truism on Wall Street that once lawyers used to have clients, but now corporations have lawyers. And the truth in this truism is that the legal profession is now the obedient servant of big business, and not at all its master or even its guide.

The lawyers like to say that Roosevelt is now against them because he was once a failure as a lawyer. However this may be, our own quarrel with the President is that by his increasing attacks he elevates the lawyers beyond their stature. Actually, the lawyers affect chiefly, through their litigation, the pace of legislative and administrative control of business. In this role they can be more or less obstructive, more or less helpful. But they are not the crucial group. The real targets should be the business interests themselves. And the energy that is expended in attacking the lawyers is necessarily diverted from the real forces that control our society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hugo Black—a Personal History

BY MAX LERNER

I WAS on the revenue cutter off Norfolk, along with about seventy-five reporters and photographers who had converged on the pleasant Virginia seaport to surround a man finally trapped. I marveled at how little rancor the quarry showed when he met the newspapermen. In the cabin, before he went on deck to confront the cameras and notebooks, he told me with amusement how he had been hounded in London by American reporters. That very morning I watched his unperturbed cheerfulness survive even the efforts of a photographer outside his cabin to poke his camera between the slats at the bottom of the door; he wished, I suppose, to preserve for posterity a pictorial record of the legs of those inside. Although in his statement Justice Black hit at the distortions of the press, he somehow made the reporters understand that his quarrel was not with them but with their bosses. And two days later he made his radio audience of some thirty million understand why he was talking directly to them. The idea of using the radio was one which had come to him on his way across the Atlantic. It was a sound democratic instinct. And because he followed this instinct, he turned what might have been, in a sense, a lynching bee into something like a triumphal homecoming.

I shall not easily forget an extended conversation with Justice Black on the evening following his arrival. Journalists learn to be skeptical of the drama of events, and yet there are moments when man and occasion combine to leave an ineradicable mark. This was one. Justice Black's biography, as I have pieced it together from this and other sources, is one of the most moving and contradictory records in our history. Since the sources were sympathetic, the record I am setting down may contain a degree of bias or rationalization. I offer it not as a final critical account but as a personal history, in which I have sought to view the action as the actor might have viewed it.

Hugo Black was born in 1886 on a farm in Clay County, Alabama, the youngest of a large family of a desolately poor farmer. He was of Scotch-Irish and English descent, and his Irish ancestors had been driven out of their country for their religious beliefs. When Hugo was five, his father moved to the county seat at Ashland, bought a small store, and became a tolerably successful merchant. The county was poor; it had neither bank nor hospital, but it did boast a primitive sort of academy called Ashland College, which provided the boy's schooling from six to sixteen. He studied medicine for a year, but he had always had a hankering for law, and so he left medicine to complete a two-year law course at the University of Alabama. In 1907, at the age of twenty-one, he settled down to a career as a Birmingham lawyer.

There followed intense work at law, reading crowded into the night hours, rapid political success. Birmingham was the school that taught him. He made close connections with the trade unions; in 1909 he represented the miners' union in its first Alabama strike; later he was attorney for the carpenters' union in another important suit. He loved the techniques of the law, mastered its procedure, began to build a state-wide fame. This led naturally to politics, and Black was elected police judge in 1910, at twenty-four, and prosecuting attorney in 1914. He had been absorbed with politics ever since he could remember: he recalls staying up all night as a boy of ten to listen to the election returns for probate judge. He was a hard and tireless campaigner: for the 1926 election he campaigned for thirteen months, dropping all his work, covering every county in the state, some of them twenty times. His opponents learned to fear him, because his appeal was that of one who knew his audiences and loved to match wits with them. In fact, as I talked with him I had a notion that when he came to make his radio statement he would feel isolated before the microphones. He would, I think, have preferred to carry his answer to actual audiences all over the country, face to face with the people to whom he responded and who responded to him.

That a man like Black should have come to join the Klan is one of those facts monstrously hard to grasp until you approach it not as a moral problem but simply as a piece of political behavior. Black's career was that of a progressive in politics, and in the South in the decade after the World War such a career inevitably crossed that of the Klan. For the Klan had not inconsiderable roots, although twisted ones, in the mass-mind. Its superpatriotism fitted the anti-radical mood after the war; its law-enforcement plank went strong in the period of Prohibition racketeering; in regions of economic distress its nativism seemed an insurance against the competition of immigrant labor; amid the decay of religious faith its mystical religionism had an appeal; its attitude toward the Negroes was integral to the Southern psychosis of "white supremacy." In such a soil the Klan grew with an intoxicating speed that seemed its own sanction. Many of the younger Southern leaders felt helpless before it. They must either ride the whirlwind of the Klan or surrender, and they had no thought of surrendering.

It is easy to call their point of view contemptible. It was a tragic mistake, and it is clear that Justice Black thinks so now. But it is easy to be wise after the fact. In Alabama at that time not only the farmer and merchant were Klansmen; 90 per cent of organized labor in Birmingham was enrolled. The common people had been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

captured by the Klan, for it buttressed them against problems they could not understand with principles that seemed eternal. The Klan assumed, moreover, a radical attitude on many specific issues which appealed to the progressives. Like the fascist movement in Germany, it combined a spurious radicalism with terrorism. Those who leaned toward the first were often able to shut their eyes to the second. But as the Klan madness took its swift and terrible course, and as it became the prey of racketeers and hoodlums, its fascist character grew ever clearer. Before that process had gone far, Hugo Black had left the Klan, but he could not escape the shadow of it.

He was from the very beginning a "joiner." Even before he was of age, he had put in his application for the Knights of Pythias and the Masons. He had a youthful fervor for these secret societies. Somewhere around 1920 he was approached to join the Klan. He pleaded lack of time; he was then Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and an officer of his Masonic lodge. He was skeptical of the Klan's exclusion of Jews (the Masons admitted them), anxious to know the character of its members, suspicious that they might take the law into their own hands. The matter was dropped, but soon a close friend approached Black again, and this time overcame his objections. But it was not until two years later that Black actually attended a meeting and paid dues. He went to very few meetings, and when he spoke it was to warn against lawlessness and religious intolerance. Finally, on the eve of the Senate race, he resigned altogether.

He resigned, but he did not openly repudiate the Klan. To have done so would have taken greater political hardiness than Black possessed. And he accepted in his election the support of the Klan people, because he needed the votes of the workers and farmers who made up its members. In 1926, after the election, he was invited by Esdale, the head of the state lodge, to address a meeting at Birmingham at which Governor-elect Bibb Graves was also to speak. He went to it, as he went to similar meetings of other societies. He was in a jubilant mood after his victory, and he thanked the audience for its support as he had thanked many other audiences. His speech, if the Sprigle version of it is correct, pulsed with a vague religionism and an overaccented brotherly love, but little more. After that, he never attended another Klan meeting, and his relations with the Klan grew steadily worse. In 1928 his support of Al Smith went directly counter to the Klan's policy. In 1930, when Heflin (who had been read out of the party for bolting Smith) ran for the Senate, Black stumped the state against him, further embittering the Klan, which was openly backing Heflin. And it was Black's opposition that defeated Heflin and elected Bankhead, as Heflin himself admitted.

Black's Senate record needs no adornment in these pages. It was such as to wipe out, in his own mind as in the minds of those who valued his liberalism and humanity, all concern with, if not all memory of, the brief Klan years. When the nomination to the Supreme Court came to him, he accepted it as a recognition of his work as Senator. If he did not mention to the President his former Klan membership, it was because by the side of his Senate career it seemed irrelevant. We may regard such a judgment as an error, but it was understandable.

There are some who feel more strongly about his failure to tell the Senate about the Klan connection when the issue was raised. But the same sense of relative unimportance would have operated in Black's mind with respect to the Senate. There would be, in addition, his unwillingness to involve the Administration in a row over an episode which seemed to have lost all meaning, the fact that no Senator questioned him on the subject, and finally a feeling of pride that the least his own colleagues in the Senate could do would be to judge him on the basis of their association with him.

When the Sprigle series broke, Black was in London. He knew that groups similar to those behind these articles had, in both his senatorial campaigns, sent agents and investigators to Alabama who had scoured the state to find something they could use against him. In fact, the Sprigle material itself was not new, except for the stenographic records: the letter of resignation and the "grand passport" had both been made public in Alabama during the last Senate fight. Knowing this, Justice Black was inclined to give the American people more credit for keeping their heads than we turned out to deserve. When he found that the articles were raising a storm, he had to face a bitter choice between making a statement and remaining quiet. We all wondered why he did not answer the charges immediately. But now, after his radio speech, it is clear that to put the charges in their true perspective would have been impossible from across the ocean; the only item to survive transatlantic passage and the mercies of the newspaper moguls would have been the admission that he was once a member of the Klan. And Hugo Black has had as good a training in political tactics as the next man. He knows that when you are unscrupulously attacked, instead of answering at a disadvantage, it is better to wait until it is your show, and then strike dramatically and hard.

That he spoke at all was more out of a concern for the political fortunes of the New Deal and the President than for his own interest. So far as the Klan issue is involved, his place on the court is unassailable; he can neither be impeached nor compelled legally to resign, and it would not take long for his court decisions to quiet the storm the "exposures" have raised.

There are several ironies about the whole episode. The obvious one is that so militant a New Dealer should be accused of being a reactionary. Another is that this man, charged with hostility to Negroes, would have faced defeat in another senatorial contest because he had fought too strenuously for raising the wages of Negro mill hands and lumber workers. But the greatest irony is that the most fervent Senate admirer of John Stuart Mill and the liberal tradition should be charged with being a bigot and an enemy of civil liberties. Mill's "Autobiography" and his essay "On Liberty," Plato's "Dialogues" and Grote's "Plato"—these are the books on which his mind dwells. But there are two authors whom he has read even more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assiduously: Jefferson, whose set of writings in his library is completely marked up; and John W. Draper, whose highly libertarian "Intellectual Development of Europe" he has read four or five times. The curious may even now turn to the *Congressional Record* for 1929 and read Black's fervid speech against the Treasury bill for censoring books from abroad, in which he quoted Draper's account of the burning of the Alexandria library; and then compare it with Heflin's speech on the subject.

I do not mean to say that Justice Black is all of one texture. In fact, the remarkable thing about him is that he is so full of contradictions. He is not a simple man to understand. His critics have called him slippery, but that was not the best word I found to fit him. I found a man who was confident of his strength. I found a quick and elusive intelligence that defied whatever rules I had built up for putting people in their proper niche in my own mind. Here was a man who had toiled day and night over his law books and had still kept an open mind for ideas; a man of limited education and sectional outlook who had managed to become a statesman as well as a tactician; a progressive who was also a Southerner, and who believed that the problems of progressive democracy in the South had to be approached differently from the same problem in the North; a lawyer and politician who knew more about economics than almost anyone in the Senate, and who had dug beneath the political forms of today to their economic realities.

Such a man could do much to vitalize the court and to broaden himself further in the process. He is on the court now and he means to stay. He knows that he belongs there, and he feels that the majority of the people want him there. The impression has been built up that he is not of good legal caliber, and that his talents are only those of the police judge and the prosecutor. That is not true. It is true that he never had a Harvard Law School training and never was an operative in a New York law factory. But he has come up against the smart lawyers and the corporation lawyers, both in his practice and in the Senate; and the encounters have not left him with a feeling of inferiority. He probably does not know much about admiralty or patent law, but neither, I should venture, does anyone else on the present court; both those subjects should long ago have been segregated in a special court of experts. Justice Black is no backwoods lawyer. For years before he came to the Senate he had the largest and most brilliant law practice in Alabama, which had begun to net him an income of some $40,000 a year. And as for the "certioraris"—those voluminous writs over which the justices exhaust themselves during the summer—time and a quick eye and a nimble intelligence have proved sufficient equipment for other justices.

Technical questions aside, we must recognize that the Supreme Court justice of today must have more than law courses and fat corporation fees to his credit. He is right in the center of the formation of economic and social policy. He must combine technical ability with economic realism and philosophic grasp. Justice Black does not have either the philosophy or the style of Justice Cardozo. But more than anyone else on the court he resembles his close friend, Justice Brandeis, if not in moral fervor, at least in the combination of legal acumen and economic knowledge. He may yet write court history, as he has already written Senate history.

France's Would-Be Fuehrer

BY LUDWIG LORE

WHEN he wishes to get an interview with a European statesman or politician, the American journalist is usually accorded every possible courtesy. The Old World knows by this time that American dollars do not grow on berry bushes, but America is still in the spotlight on the world stage and its journalists shine with a reflected glory. There are exceptions, however. Trying to get an interview with a fascist leader is a man-sized job for anyone, and no less so for an American. Not that these would-be dictators are adverse to publicity, but simply that the Mosleys, the De la Rocques, the Doriots, the Degrelles, and the Musserts are so occupied with the thousand and one things clamoring for their attention that they literally haven't a moment to spare. They are organizers, editors, propagandists, and contact men, all in one; they spend their days at demonstrations, in committees, behind editorial desks, in conference with party intimates and financial backers, and their nights in railroad trains. Nevertheless, after considerable wire-pulling, I succeeded in getting an interview with the latest meteor in the sky of French authoritarianism, Jacques Doriot.

My appointment called me to the offices of the great evening paper *Liberté*, of which Doriot had just become the publisher. The reception room was crowded; many came but few were able to get to the leader himself. I was among the fortunate ones. After several preliminary encounters with various functionaries, I was finally led by Doriot's secretary through a large and quietly elegant outer office into the presence of the chieftain of the Parti Populaire Français.

An impressive figure rose to greet me. The man, I estimated, must be at least six feet two or three and weigh every bit of 250 pounds. Not more than thirty-eight years old, friendly, intelligent, direct, a pleasing personality, he had the fresh face and clear eye of a man who lives simply but well. We shook hands and sat down to talk things over. Now and then, when my questions touched

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on what were to him unpleasant topics, his voice became loud and he pounded with his mighty fists on the desk top. At other times his demeanor was courteous and business-like. He was willing to let the facts as he saw them speak for themselves.

I have known Doriot by reputation and through his writings for more than fifteen years. He comes to the fascist movement from the extreme left, having made his political debut in the Communist youth organization. He had barely earned his spurs in that movement when he was made a member of the party's Central Committee. There was plenty of room at the top in those early days of the Communist movement, and Jacques Doriot was obviously destined for leadership. He became the most important person in the Communist Party of France. His organization in the Paris suburb of St. Denis was the pride of the movement. Fully a fourth of the French membership was in Doriot's local constituency. His voice carried weight in the deliberations of the Communist International.

In 1933 Jacques Doriot created a major sensation by coming out openly against what he called the senseless course of the Communist International. He argued for an alliance with the Socialists to oppose fascism, but nothing was farther from Moscow's intentions at that time. The U. S. S. R. still hoped to come to an understanding with the Reichswehr and its general staff. The idea that Hitler would last was defeatism and could not be tolerated. When Doriot insisted, he felt the weight of the Comintern's displeasure. He was removed from his post in the party, and Maurice Thorez, a youthful mine worker, was put in his place.

When the combined forces of fascism and monarchism staged their memorable coup d'état on February 6, 1934, Doriot made another attempt to effect unity between the labor parties. The general strike with which the workers of France called a halt to the fascist offensive had demonstrated the crying need of a united anti-fascist front extending far into the ranks of the petty bourgeoisie. Doriot renewed his efforts, and the party went into action in earnest. He was held up to the membership as an incorrigible opportunist and a traitor to communism. Nevertheless, the Comintern invited him to come to Moscow, but he played safe and refused. His expulsion followed as a matter of course.

Doriot was hardly out of the party when the Comintern decided to change its tactics. Why? Barthou had brought about a complete reversal of French foreign policy, and Litvinov had come home in triumph with a pocketful of treaties with the nations of Western Europe. Russian foreign policy underwent a sharp reorientation, and the Comintern went along. The Communist Party of France was instructed to begin negotiations with the Socialist Party forthwith, and in a few short months the united front was an accomplished fact, the cornerstone for the *Front Populaire* which now governs France.

Doriot was not the man to take such treatment lightly. An attempt to make his peace with the Socialist Party failed. That party felt too strongly about the united front to take any chances, knowing, indeed, that this ex-Communist would be a doubtful acquisition on any terms. For a while the French radical press was full of angry recriminations. Doriot's fury against the Comintern and the French party knew no bounds. He shouted its innermost secrets from the housetops and demanded a parliamentary investigation of financial relations between the U. S. S. R. and the C. P. F. He dragged his own past through the mire in an insane desire for vengeance. He sought and found support in a group of the Croix de Feu that had broken with Colonel de la Rocque because the latter lacked "social understanding." That was the beginning. He went farther and farther to the right, supporting Laval's pro-Nazi foreign policy and helping him capture a senate seat from the city of Paris. He was received and fêted by the monarchist clique of the notorious Chiappe, former police chief of Paris. Meanwhile he denounced the anti-German, pro-Russian policy of the People's Front and accused it of driving Europe into war. In October, 1936, he granted an interview to a Hitler organ in Dortmund in which he formulated the three fundamental issues of his new party as follows: (1) destruction of the Communist Party of France; (2) repudiation of the Franco-Russian alliance; (3) conclusion of an alliance between Germany and France.

Doriot's ambitions grew in direct ratio with the distance between himself and his erstwhile comrades. If fascist dictatorship was to be the next step in European political development, then Jacques Doriot would be a dictator. Fascism in France needed an outstanding personality to unite the contending fascist and semi-fascist groups into a powerful organization. Who was better equipped than he to save France from the red menace? Familiar with every trick of political demagogy, speaking the language of the masses, active, ruthless, ambitious, Doriot was the man French fascism was looking for.

Having made his choice, Doriot set to work with all the energy that had made him such an important figure in the Communist movement. The methods he had learned there he turned to good account for his new cause. His little weekly, *Emancipation,* became an impressive periodical almost overnight. A news pictorial showing the would-be dictator in every conceivable attitude was thrown on the market in enormous quantities. His new party, the French People's Party, conducted a whirlwind publicity campaign. These things cost money, and Doriot was not well-to-do. But he was Mayor of St. Denis, and he covered his deficits by ordering payment of fictitious bills for coal and other supplies out of the treasury. He also found wealthy backers. It is said that the insurance interests which sustained heavy losses during the strike wave of 1936 have been liberal supporters of the Doriot campaign, looking to him to rid France of strikes forever.

Persons whose words are not to be taken lightly declare that he is receiving large sums from Goebbels's propaganda bureau. It would be difficult to prove it, but if circumstantial evidence is worth anything, his accusers have a good case. His attitude toward Hitler's Germany and its allies, his praise of General Franco, and his espousal of a French-German-Italian alliance against the Soviet Union certainly lay him open to suspicion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I decided to get down to business at once, since neither of us had time for polite conversation.

"What," I asked him, "decided you to break so completely with your Communist past?"

"You probably know something of my history," he replied. "I entered the Communist Party of France twenty years ago, as a fervent fighter for world peace. I was a boy with all the illusions of youth. The Soviet Union had just come into being, and it seemed to me the one great force for world peace. I have found I was wrong. Today Moscow is pursuing a policy that is driving France into war and civil conflict. I was an enthusiastic believer in the idea of a classless state. The Russian experiment has taught me that a classless society is a utopian dream. It destroyed the capitalist bourgeoisie, but what has taken its place? A bureaucracy that hangs like a millstone around the neck of the working class. In France 25 per cent of the population receives 50 per cent of the national income. In Russia a bureaucracy comprising 15 per cent of the total population receives half of what the nation produces. And that is only the beginning."

"That is a daring assertion," I objected. "On what authority do you quote such figures? You have no basis for such a statement."

"You may be sure that I know the facts," he replied. "Have you any idea how much of the Soviet national income goes for salaries of party functionaries, civil service, chiefs of cooperatives, and Red Army officers? Do you know to what extent the small group of high party functionaries dominates the Soviet state?"

"If that is true," I said, "how is it that you were content to stay in the Communist Party for twenty years? Surely such conditions do not develop overnight. You were one of the responsible heads of the Communist International. You must have known what was going on."

He hesitated, then replied lamely: "We are often blind to what is closest to us. It came over me like a sudden illumination. I see things in a new light. They have a new meaning."

"You are no longer a Socialist, then, or a Communist?"

"That depends. If being a Communist means supporting the Communist Party—no! If you ask me whether I have changed my opinion regarding capitalism and the injustice of the capitalist system—no! I am as deeply concerned with the welfare of the proletariat as ever. I came from the masses, and I shall always be with the masses. Nothing can change that. I have ceased to believe, however, that the condition of the working class in any country can be improved by an international conspiracy against the interests of that country. I no longer believe that the interests of the middle class, the peasant, and the worker are mutually contradictory, nor do I believe that the deeper interests of these classes run counter to the best interests of the nation."

"Does that mean that you are opposed to international labor organization?"

"Not only labor. The bitter experience of twenty years has taught me this—that international association for any purpose by groups representing special class interests must always react to the detriment of the nation at large. The Communist International is a classic example. The end and aim of its entire existence has been to safeguard the interests of the Soviet Union, without regard to the interests of the workers in other countries."

"In other words, M. Doriot, you are today a believer in fascism and the authoritarian state?"

"I do not recall having said anything of the sort," he protested. "I have no quarrel with the present system of government in France, provided it can free itself from the clutches of the Soviet Union and the Comintern. Our country's difficulties are financial rather than political. Instead of solving this problem, the united front of Communists, Socialists, and Radical Socialists has added to the burdens of French industry and hampered recovery. We are falling farther and farther behind in the international market. We can no longer compete with other countries, and the French worker suffers in consequence."

"That is just what the Communists want," he continued. "They are deliberately promoting a course that will sooner or later drive the nations of the world into bankruptcy. I was a pioneer in the struggle for a united front, but the Communist parties are exerting a deadly influence on Socialist and liberal groups wherever unity is attempted. I know that the C. P. is the weakest link in the People's Front. I know also that it has no representatives in the government. But it controls the trade unions; it has the most active elements and the best organization; and that makes it dangerous."

I refused to be sidetracked and returned to the question of his fascist beliefs after each evasive answer until he pounded his desk in wrathful indignation. "Are you trying to trap me into making an admission?" he roared. "I have said a hundred times if I have said it once that neither the German nor the Italian form of government would be suitable for France. I am in favor of democratic government—as long as democratic government is possible. The French are individualists. They are not amenable to autocracy. The French people would not tolerate dictatorship, either French or Russian. Moscow is ruling Loyalist Spain. It will never rule France."

"You said 'as long as democratic government is possible.' At what point do you think democracy should be abandoned?"

"It must be abandoned the moment it becomes clear that communism is threatening the existence of the state. To ward off a Communist uprising a dictatorship would be the last resort."

There was nothing to be gained from further insistence on that topic. M. Doriot was becoming distinctly annoyed under my catechism, and there were other questions I wanted to ask.

"I think your meaning is quite clear," I conceded. "I should be interested to know what you think of the European situation as a whole."

"In the first place," he explained, "Russia is not a European nation. It is Asiatic in domestic as well as in foreign policy. Secondly, Russia is not a power for peace. It pursues aggressive aims in the Far East, and it has made France the unwitting partner to its expansionist schemes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is the sense of the Franco-Russian pact that the workers of France shall give their blood to help Russia penetrate Asia. The strength of the Red Army has been greatly exaggerated. It is large, yes, but it is not strong. Its great body is rotten to the core with politics, intrigue, and personal jealousies. The internal structure of the U. S. S. R. is in the same condition. Swirling currents of plot and counter-plot are undermining its foundation. The whole nation is in a state of hidden chaos. We accuse Hitler of wanting war to distract the people from intolerable conditions at home. What about Stalin? Is France to pay for a war to consolidate the power of Stalin over the Soviet Union? That we will not do if I can prevent it."

"You think, then, that Hitler and Mussolini want peace?" I asked.

"Without a doubt," was his answer. "What have they to gain from war? Let France and Germany clasp hands, let them bury the last disreputable remnants of the Versailles treaty. France and Germany, with Italy as their friendly ally—that is the only effective guaranty for European peace."

"And Germany's colonies?"

"There you must ask your British friends. France got little enough of Germany's colonial possessions. London would have to take the first step and we would follow. My idea would be an agreement between the United States, France, England, Germany, and Italy for the development of Africa and the equitable distribution of its raw materials. In the Far East Japan would become the teacher and protector of China. It would teach the Chinese to develop their resources, raise the country out of its slothful degradation, and bring it into step with modern times. What is more important, it would protect it against the U. S. S. R. Heal the sore spots in Europe and Asia, and you will have secured peace to the world for decades to come."

"In Spain—" I began. But he interrupted: "There you have a tragic example of Bolshevist destruction. Moscow laid the fires of civil war. It left the Spanish patriot no choice. Without Russia's arms and war material the Spanish Bolshevists would have been defeated long ago. So the war goes on, and France may be dragged down into the horrible abyss."

M. Doriot is sure that the Spanish rebels—he calls them patriots—will win in the end. He will not believe that Hitler or Mussolini is acting from any but unselfish motives or that either of them at any time dreamed of territorial gains in Spain or Morocco in return for his assistance. "This is not a fight for material gain," he declared. "Look at the map. If the Bolshevists win in Iberia, Italy will be in constant danger. As for France, it would become a Russian province, as Valencia is a Russian province today."

I need not continue. The reader knows all the arguments by heart. I listened to them, in Doriot's best eloquence, for the better part of an hour. He denied being a fascist or an anti-Semite, but his denunciation of communism and—just a little less violently—of socialism, his condemnation of "international bankers and alien financiers," would have done credit to our own Father Coughlin, who also emphatically denies fascist or anti-Semitic aims. "Marxism has reached the end of its rope! Internationalism is a snare and a delusion. The People's Front is the shield from behind which Moscow strikes its deadly blows. Let the People's Front win in France and you will have war, for Hitler cannot endure the menace of a Bolshevist state across the border. An awakened nationalism is the answer!" Not fascism? A fascist program could be made out of less.

I left this potential savior of France with conflicting impressions. He had dismissed me with a sardonic greeting to "my old comrades Fostère and Browdère." Had it been worth while to spend a precious eighty minutes listening to this mixture of confused thinking and deliberate insincerity? Today Doriot is a leader without a large following. Just before I came to France he was disowned by his own adherents in St. Denis and the government had unseated him as mayor. At the moment French fascism has spent its force. But the crisis is not past. Who knows what the next few weeks or months will bring? Suppose the franc takes another disastrous drop. That would mean increased living costs which might more than wipe out the benefits of Blum's entire system of social reform. Suppose the second People's Front government under Chautemps backs down before the insistent demands of the employers and merchants of France and extends the "pause" indefinitely. Will the workers and petty bourgeoisie continue to support it?

In Paris they feel that the outcome would be new popular uprisings, with bloody conflicts between the supporters of the *Front Populaire* and fascist-royalist reaction. If they are right, then Doriot has as good a chance as any fascist leader to become France's "man of the hour." The last two years have brought a steady increase in fascist sentiment in all parts of France, but fascism is far from being the mass movement that Hitler's National Socialism was in 1932 and 1933. It recruits its followers in the colleges and universities, among the active and reserve officers of the army, and to a smaller degree among the numerous civil-service officials. Peasants and workers are not represented in large numbers.

If fascism comes to France, it will not be led by Colonel de la Rocque, aristocrat and royalist, scion of a family that bore arms against the people in the French Revolution. His Parti Social Français, which he founded after the Blum government outlawed the Croix de Feu with its well-trained, well-armed regiments, its artillery, its air squadrons, its machine-guns, and its military maneuvers, will not bring about the "national revolution." The workers and peasants of France have no faith in this fascist aristocrat. He has too little in common with their republican traditions and democratic ideals. If ever France decides to lay its fate in the hands of a dictator, that dictator will be a man of the people, a man with a revolutionary background, who speaks the language they understand. Jacques Doriot is such a man. He is a demagogue, but what dictator is not? He promises the millennium, but when has a people ever sold its birthright for less?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memory of Masaryk

BY THOMAS MANN

I WRITE in deep sympathy with the sorrow of the Czech people at the loss which they have sustained in the passing of Masaryk. Here was a man, of nature at once gentle and strong, a man of the intellectual world summoned to the sphere of action and power; and he gave to the Czechs their ardently desired independence as a national state. Since then this good and able people, so worthy of their freedom, have looked up to Thomas Masaryk as to a father, proud to call him theirs; with a love and trust rooted perhaps deepest of all in their sense that he was a sacrifice, in the perception that here a human soul had struggle, greatness, and compulsion to action laid upon it rather than growing out of his own nature, his will or desire. They realized perhaps that this founder of a national state was by nature more inclined to the sphere of pure knowledge and free contemplation; and that his active incursion into the domain of history was a victory over the more subtle constitution of the thinker.

At all events, it is this which makes the figure of the President-Liberator so appealing, so lovable, so venerable to me and others like me; a figure of nobility and refinement, crowned with the laurels of success. "It is not true," he once said to Karel Capek, "that I am by nature a man who loves to fight. I never wanted to stand in the foreground of all the affrays and disputations; usually other people brought me into them . . . perhaps it is a weakness, but I am shy before people. I do not like to speak in public; when I needed to make a speech I have always had stage fright. And yet how many speeches I have made!" In this "and yet" is comprised the whole of his life. He repeated: "I have never liked to stand in the foreground and expose myself to the gaze of men; I never wanted to push myself into public affairs; I have always resisted when others demanded it. But even when I did it unwillingly and felt that I was wasting time, yet there was a certain logicality—something always came of it. It was so with everything." How profoundly touching that is—how modest, even pensive are these words of a man chosen by destiny against his will, and speaking of the guidance which underlay his whole life!

This great patriot, who did more than any other man for his people, abominated all patriotic bombast and all self-satisfaction. A certain shyness always prevented him from taking the word "fatherland" upon his lips. This same fine self-restraint he practiced with regard to the phrase "traitor to his country." But others did not; he himself was so called, by thousands of voices. Yes, the very same people, let us not forget, who later looked up to him as their father and benefactor once flung at him the name of traitor, and told him that he had been suborned by Germany to defame his country's past.

That was at the time of the "battle of the manuscripts"—a controversy of which no Czech needs to be told but which perhaps should be repeated for other readers. It concerned the Königinhofer and Grünberger manuscripts, which purported to be collections of epic and lyric poems from the heroic period of Czech history. They were supposed to have been discovered in 1817; they had been translated into many languages (Goethe actually used them as sources) and had contributed no little to the strengthening of Czech national feeling. It turned out that the documents were forgeries; that they did not afford evidence of the early high level of Slavic culture, having been produced by a talented museum librarian named Hanka, as a sort of picturesque hoax. That was the actual truth. But an embittered controversy arose over whether the truth was to be acknowledged or whether for the sake of the glory of the Czech nation it should be denied and concealed. The difference of opinion took on great moral significance; it became symbolic, a crisis of national morals reminiscent in many ways of the Dreyfus case.

Masaryk was at the time a university professor in Prague and editor of the *Athenaeum*, a literary periodical. Little inclined to disputations, he kept aloof from the controversy—until the moment when a certain philologist, Jan Gebauer, was attacked in the newspapers because he had published in a philological magazine certain objections to the acceptance of the manuscripts. Gebauer brought to Masaryk an article which proved that the documents were nineteenth-century forgeries. Masaryk's hour had struck. Once more he had not sought the struggle; he had rather avoided it. But when the summons came he was ready. Unhesitatingly he accepted the article—probably not dreaming what it would cost him to join battle with the forces of chauvinistic pettiness and embattled stupidity. "The question of the manuscripts," he says, "was to me above all a moral one. If they were really forgeries we must admit it before the world. Our pride, our culture, must not be based upon a lie. And moreover, we could not rightly understand our history so long as we stumbled over an imaginary past."

The article appeared, and from that moment the editor of the *Athenaeum* was involved in the war which national ambition carried on against truth in defense of a profitable lie. Masaryk was on the side of truth, against the side of profit—or what cruder patriots considered profit. As a sociologist and man of discernment he published what historians, philologists, and even chemists had proved—that the manuscripts did not originate in the Middle Ages but had been forged. He reaped only hatred. The newspapers shrieked that he was injuring the fatherland; the mob rose against him; and the hostility of some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his academic colleagues prevented him from receiving his full professorship.

Today it is an accepted fact that the supposed collection is a romantic fiction. The controversy has long since died down. But the moral standing of the Czecho-Slovak Republic might perhaps today be less clear and stable if the battle of the manuscripts had not been fought out. There is something lacking in the social evolution, the moral consciousness of a people which has never—or not for a long time—been purified by a spiritual crisis in which lines must be clearly and decisively drawn. In a state of reprehensible guilelessness it falls easy prey to disastrous confusion. Among the peoples of Europe there is one which is passing today, or so I like to believe, through the edifying challenge of just such a crisis, which will enlarge its knowledge of good and evil.

To the writer questioning him about his life Masaryk replied: "It is not the endowments of our scholars and philosophers that we admire but rather their great aspiration after truth—that is a moral fact. That is why we feel that the misuse of science is a sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. The morality and the utility of science consist in the fact that science alone is concerned, solely and simply, with knowledge, with truth; and every truth is or will sometime be good for life." He went on: "No lie or untruth is good in the long run, not even the *pia fraus*. Our life, our views and convictions, our social relationships are weighted with a host of lies, and unnecessary lies to boot. Lies are unmanly; they are the weapon of the weak, often of the violent, never of the strong. The truth, the honest truth, actual knowledge, can never do harm." And he concluded: "If the world would be guided more by truth and knowledge there would be fewer wars, in fact there need be none at all. Science would be justly used for defense; to study science only to use it for violence and aggressive warfare is a crime. We must sometime distinguish between right and force, truth and lie, reality and fiction; we must seek the truth likewise in those cases where formerly we took up arms."

It must have been a great good fortune to live under such a head of a state.

The lion-taming kind, with whip and revolver, the mass-hypnotist kind, who today seem to hold the field as leaders of states and peoples, certainly saw in the man now departed a relic of liberal thought, an entirely superseded type. Actually one might rather say he lived a hundred years too soon. May his like again be represented on earth, no matter in what personal or national guise, when a European Confederation of States is looking about for a head!

The Radio Pastor of Dearborn

BY HARVEY PINNEY

THE season of making good-will for industry is officially on, now that the Ford and General Motors Sunday evening hours have returned to the air waves. Each program is a musical sandwich the meat of which is a brief talk—a personal heart-to-heart chat with the great hoped-for consumer public. As a rule General Motors discusses in an informative and confidential fashion the technical problems of automobile construction, of driving and safety, and so on. But Mr. Ford sponsors an extensive dabbling in the problems of life.

Like all too many preachers, W. J. Cameron, Ford spokesman and prophet, and pastor of the radio congregation, finds himself at home in many fields. Politics, economics, mechanics, finance, morals, psychology, history, life and death, right and wrong, taxation, sport, social problems—all are apparently within his competence.

Mr. Cameron preaches a philosophy of industrial rectitude. His is not a sales talk ("there will be no sales talk, no commercial advertising, indulged in these programs"). And on political matters he limits himself to recording "a few plain, unpartisan American impressions." A survey of the weekly six-minute talks from September 20, 1936, to June 13, 1937, reveals for the most part a positive, if somewhat contradictory, picture of the Ford Motor Company's conception of its place in society and of society's duties toward the Ford Motor Company.

In the first place, Mr. Cameron speaks for, and Mr. Ford stands for, individualism. No matter how big Mr. Ford's business has become or may become, it is still, in his thinking, the individual product of his genius and therefore to remain subject to his will. When he could not get along with his other stockholders, he bought them out. By initiative, by industry, by the help of others, and by chance he metamorphosed the early truly individual shop into a modern industrial empire—a social organization subject to a dictator.

Production is the keynote of the Ford philosophy.

> What makes it hard for people to get the things they need? They are too costly. And what makes them costly? They are too scarce. And why are they scarce? Not enough of them are produced. And why are not enough of them produced? That is the question.

The answer is that industry is controlled by politicians and financiers. Domination by these groups must cease.

> Production men are . . . the future's absolute guaranty against political control. They believe in *production*. . . . Production engineers know where the economic shoe pinches—the country is undersupplied; and by insisting that our first job is to supply it, they are doing more than all the theorists to solve the social problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Production and more production will solve the problem of distribution of wages and profits. On the subject of "How to Raise Wages" Mr. Cameron finds two opposing schools: the first is the "backward school of business," which seeks to hold wages down or even to depress them; the second is the "backward political school," which would boost wages willy-nilly by force, by legislation, by price-fixing, "or other theoretical and unworkable ways." An employer may raise wages out of his surplus, but if he has such a surplus, it means that he hasn't been paying his workers what is due them. If he is paying them "all he really knows how to pay," he can only raise wages by boosting the price of what he sells or by reducing its quality, both of which procedures will lessen demand and defeat their object.

> There remains, then, the fourth way and the only way: train men to be worth more, and put into their hands the means to earn more, and higher wages . . . will be the natural result of better, more economical, more productive methods. Better management is the only source of better wages.

As for increasing wages through distribution of profits, Cameron asks what would have become of Henry Ford if he had distributed in wages at the end of each week the total earnings of his little plant employing seventy-five men, and then points out that by plowing profits back into the business Ford made possible the present employment of 125,000 men. Mr. Cameron looks upon dividends as something else: "Dividends are the amounts taken out of profits for the owners' uses." If all dividends paid in the past thirty-three years had been added to wages, it would have meant a wage increase for each man of less than six cents a working hour. With more than a touch of the pompous Mr. Cameron concludes: "Loose and deceptive talk of profits and of what the wage-earner would have if he got it all, requires the corrective of facts like these."

Mr. Cameron is continually making slurring remarks about "money-minded business" and those who operate an industry for profit rather than for the public good. Money-minded business, he says, raises prices on the excuse that it has previously raised wages—thus nullifying the wage increase. This mistaken act is the result of the profit motive. "We have had many motivating reasons for work in this country, but the sheer creating of plenty has not been one of them." "Make the motive of work the satisfying of need, and you will create more employment." The thing that business needs now is to get "the *idea*" that the solution of our difficulties is "to create a supply of all things needed for our people at a cost that will permit them to flow to our people."

> The manufacturer needs no mastery of economic theory, he needs no insight into the mystery of finance, he need consult no one but himself to do this; he need only hitch his job to this *idea* to make goods easily available to the entire range of people who need and could use them. This is a business motive superior to the profit motive, more dynamic than the profit motive yet not antagonistic to it, for the man thus motivated will have profits and to spare and all the business he can do. Engineer-managers, put upon this job, could do it.

Thus does Mr. Cameron dispose of economic theorists old and new and totally ignore any idea of social investigation and social management. Cameron and Ford do not deal with men; they deal with things. The production of more things tends to obscure the object of such production—the happiness of the human beings who are eventually to consume the product. And there's the rub. Mr. Cameron's—and Mr. Ford's—philosophy is not so much wrong as it is incomplete. Applying technological advances to create more and better material goods at lower cost is a commendable idea, but Mr. Cameron blinks the concrete fact that industry does produce for profit, and he suggests no logical way in which that little circumstance may be overcome.

Mr. Cameron reserves his sharpest scorn for politicians, who are apparently all alike to him. In general it is Mr. Cameron's faith that industry is good *per se* and politics bad in the same fashion. Commenting on the "breathing spell," he told his radio audience: "With the weight of unwise interference lifted off its chest, industry breathed again and, struggling to its feet, went back to try to reconstruct its job. Industrial improvement began where political hindrance partly ceased." The future success of industry, he found, depends on whether "men overfond of bizarre economic theories, men who never successfully managed a business themselves, are allowed to interfere with industry again." With complete disregard of industrial history he concluded: "Industry and productive business have not been responsible for one iota of harm to this country."

Politicians and the intelligentsia, in Mr. Cameron's view, are of one species. The intelligentsia is afflicted with "the disease of egocentric social insufficiency"; it has "a strained, neurotic attitude of hostility to the so-called '*old* order.' "

> Fostering itself within itself as most ingrowing aberrations do, itself writing books about itself for itself to read, delivering lectures to itself, drawing its bread ration from the system it pretends to despise, and seriously believing its own inflation to be substantial power, it presents a clear-cut pathological condition. Its recoil from masculine competition is effeminate; its fear of the size and power of machinery is infantile; [it has] . . . pernicious anemia of the intellect.

As for Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky and company, Mr. Cameron demolishes them in one sentence:

> We know that the Marxian statement of the social problem has not survived and the Marxian solution has failed, for when its most devoted disciples accepted the statement and attempted the solution on a titanic scale, with a great land and all its people for their laboratory, they had to abandon it in five years.

Thus cavalierly does he dispose of scientific socialism, several hundred years of history, and the greatest social adventure of modern times.

Of labor's interest in sharing in the determination of industrial policy Mr. Cameron says nothing at all. In fact, he does not think very highly of the capabilities of labor. In his attack on the National Labor Relations Board, as reported in the New York *Times*, he said:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The history of labor and management shows that every improvement of industrial conditions, every advance in industrial justice, originates with management. . . . No labor leader has ever originated or suggested a single improvement in industrial conditions. Nor has any statesman. Management alone has done this.

In spite of the deplorable state of politics and the backwardness of "financial-minded" business men, this world is a good world, and right and truth and sound principle will win out in the end. Optimism about the universal fitness and permanence of Ford industrial principles pervades Mr. Cameron's remarks. For life, God, and destiny are on our side. "Life is continually renewed and thrusts up through every obstacle. . . . Universal forces in the service of individual life remain." And though money-minded business men and long-haired politicians mess up what should be a lovely world, they are doomed to failure: "The errors of human economics are continually canceled by the unfailing balance and supply of the economics of God." Thus is Fordism divinely inspired, and the practices of industrial dictatorship put on a par with the divine right of kings.

And so also is there a national destiny which bids us hope for and expect the best. "Americans have a right to remember that every one of the four great wars embraced in our history involved fundamental human principles; not one was fought for conquest or territorial gain." "In the Spanish-American War the last vestige of dynastic tyranny was swept from the Western Hemisphere." The Civil War created a union proof against every divisive force within or without. "Thus all our history seems linked and illumined by destiny."

I do not hold these sentiments of Mr. Cameron, and of his sponsor Mr. Ford, up to ridicule. While they reveal an abysmal ignorance of history, only the most meager understanding of present-day political economy, and a bias that stands out like a sore thumb, it is important to recognize that the majority of these ideas are popular platitudes. Mr. Cameron is talking to his own. The pious individualism of Mr. Ford, ignorant of historical and social forces, is cleverly sugarcoated with music and dramatically and acceptably presented to millions already conditioned to receive it. The ground is prepared. The C. I. O. will have more than Ford police to meet; it will have to face Fordism—and Fordism is America's industrial fundamentalism.

Dallas Tries Terror

BY GEORGE LAMBERT

THREE men, natives of California, on their way home from a tour in the East, happened to be passing through Dallas, Texas, one day last August. One of the men had his wife and daughter with him. On the front and back windows of their car were signs reading: "Join C. I. O. Unions." They parked in a lot near the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, and four of them got out to have a look at the show. The fifth, a young man of twenty, curled up in the back seat and went to sleep.

About two hours later the four returned to the parking lot. Just before they reached their car, a coupe whipped into the lot and three men got out. "What are those C. I. O. stickers doing on your car?" they demanded. The two men attempted to explain, but their explanations were cut short by their questioners, who set upon them suddenly and beat them unmercifully with their fists.

The man sleeping in the car was awakened by the noise of the fight and sat up. One of the thugs caught sight of him and promptly dragged him out of the car. "We don't allow people with stickers like those on their cars to light in this town," he declared. The three thugs then got back into the coupe and drove off. The Californians were taken to the Emergency Hospital, where they were treated for bruises and cuts about their heads and faces.

It is safe to say that Dallas is the only city of its size and importance in the United States where the scene just recounted could have occurred. The beating of the three men from California was the last of seven instances of violence in as many weeks. Between the last of June and the middle of August fourteen persons in the city of Dallas suspected of being interested in C. I. O. unionism were subjected to attacks ranging from fist maulings to kidnapping and tar and feathers. In trade-union circles Dallas, at least for the past two or three years, has been generally recognized as the worst open-shop center in the United States. It has managed to maintain its anti-union position while the tide of unionism has been sweeping all around it—even in other Texas cities, such as Fort Worth, only thirty-three miles to the west, and Houston, undoubtedly the best organized city in the South—for several reasons: (1) the nature of its industries—it is traditionally a distributing rather than a manufacturing center; (2) the weakness of local A. F. of L. unions; (3) the power of the Dallas Open Shop Association; and (4) the presence of the Ford Motor Company assembly plant. It is mainly to the fourth of these reasons that we can look for explanation of this summer's violence.

On June 23 two workers in Ford's Kansas City plant, members of the United Automobile Workers, while on their vacation stopped in Dallas and decided to visit the Ford plant; they intended to talk to some of the local Ford workers and to gather information on organizational prospects which they could send to the union's headquarters in Detroit. Stopping first at a pharmacy near the entrance to the Ford plant, they guilelessly let it be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known who they were. Seemingly from out of nowhere a gang appeared. The two Kansas City men were given a severe beating and warned to get out of town.

Four days later a crowd of some 1,500 persons purporting to be Ford workers staged a "spontaneous" demonstration against the C. I. O. Another demonstration two days later, with a smaller attendance, was keyed to the note of "To hell with John L. Lewis," and featured speeches by men from each department in the plant. These speeches were filled with threats so provocative that had they come from the lips of labor organizers they would have promptly landed the speakers in jail for inciting to riot.

Nor were they idle threats. On July 3 two more "unidentified organizers" were severely beaten when they were going to the home of J. L. Phillips, a Ford employee. Next in line for violent treatment came W. J. Houston, a Dallas attorney who had interested himself in the Automobile Workers' Union and had given out a number of exaggerated statements to the press on the progress of organization in the Ford plant, although no regularly authorized organizational drive had been inaugurated. A gang estimated at around twenty men leaped on Houston as he emerged from a drugstore and broke three of his ribs. To make sure, they also beat up a client who happened to be with him. The Houston incident was shortly followed by assaults on two Ford employees known to be sympathetic to union organization, but the climax was still to be reached.

George Baer, vice-president of the Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers' Union, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, had been in Dallas for more than a year, working slowly on the job of building a sound organization in the nation's third largest millinery center. On August 9 he was walking along a street in the millinery-manufacturing section of the city, adjoining the main business district, when a car drove up and three men got out. Baer recognized the men and their purpose. He fought furiously and managed to knock two of them to the sidewalk, but the third got behind him and hit him over the head with a blackjack. His assailants then loaded him into their car and drove off. Witnesses reported that Baer was still being beaten over the head with a blackjack as the car passed them two blocks away. He was finally dumped out on a country road south of the city, limp and semi-conscious. He spent a number of weeks in a St. Louis hospital, and it is expected that he will lose the sight of one eye.

On the very evening of the Baer attack Herbert Harris, a Socialist organizer, was kidnapped from a park in the working-class section of Dallas, where he had just finished showing the pro-labor film, "Millions of Us." After questioning him about his work for the C. I. O. his captors took him to the Trinity River bottoms and went to work on him with tar and feathers.. When the fun was over, Harris was hauled back to the car and finally dumped out on a city street near the office of the Dallas *Morning News*. His assailants destroyed more than $700 worth of projection and sound equipment, and bruised and cut the writer of this article about the head and shoulders when he foolishly tried to prevent the destruction of the equipment.

From the first no one in Dallas expected the police to make more than a perfunctory gesture toward apprehending the guilty parties in the recent reign of terror. Except for the Houston case, only two warrants have been sworn out. They were against two of the alleged assailants of George Baer on charges of "aggravated assault." A few days after the warrants were issued the two men walked into the sheriff's office and posted $500 bond, each giving minor officials in the Ford company as his bondsmen.

Immediately after the tarring and feathering incident Chief of Police Jones announced that he was going to put a stop to such violence by closing the parks to meetings which were likely to cause trouble. He rescinded this order only after Dallas Socialists had protested vigorously and the Dallas *Journal* had suggested that, following the same line of reasoning, the chief might prevent automobile accidents in the city by closing all the streets to traffic.

Against this background of thug violence the Dallas Open Shop Association, formed in 1919, is functioning today as one of the most tightly knit employers' organizations in the country. The fact that it makes no bones about its role as an open-shop association, instead of hiding behind a name like Citizens' Alliance, Manufacturers' Association, or even Chamber of Commerce, is indicative of the contempt with which Dallas employers view the local labor movement. At a hearing held recently before the National Labor Relations Board in connection with a garment workers' strike, uncontested evidence was submitted showing that any member of the Open Shop Association who knowingly employed a union member was subject to a $3,000 fine. On the other hand the association guarantees that no member firm will be permitted to go bankrupt as a result of a strike, and it is reported to have between two and three million dollars with which to back its guaranty.

Since the coming to power of the Open Shop Association the Dallas leadership of the A. F. of L. has been hard put to keep local labor organizations in existence. Instead of putting up a strong fight against employer domination, this leadership has adopted a boot-licking attitude; the Dallas Central Labor Council even went to the length of offering the Chamber of Commerce its services in keeping the C. I. O. out of Dallas. The delegation that made this proposal went directly from the headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce to several work-clothes manufacturers and threatened to boycott their products if they signed C. I. O. contracts. It was open-shop Dallas that Willian Green picked for the scene of his Labor Day speeches. He consorted freely with members of the Chamber of Commerce and hurled invectives at the C. I. O. The only mention of the local labor situation that passed his lips was an expression of hope that employers would realize the benefits of signing contracts with striking millinery workers.

Efforts to put a stop to anti-union violence in Dallas have not been extensive. Governor Allred sent a troop

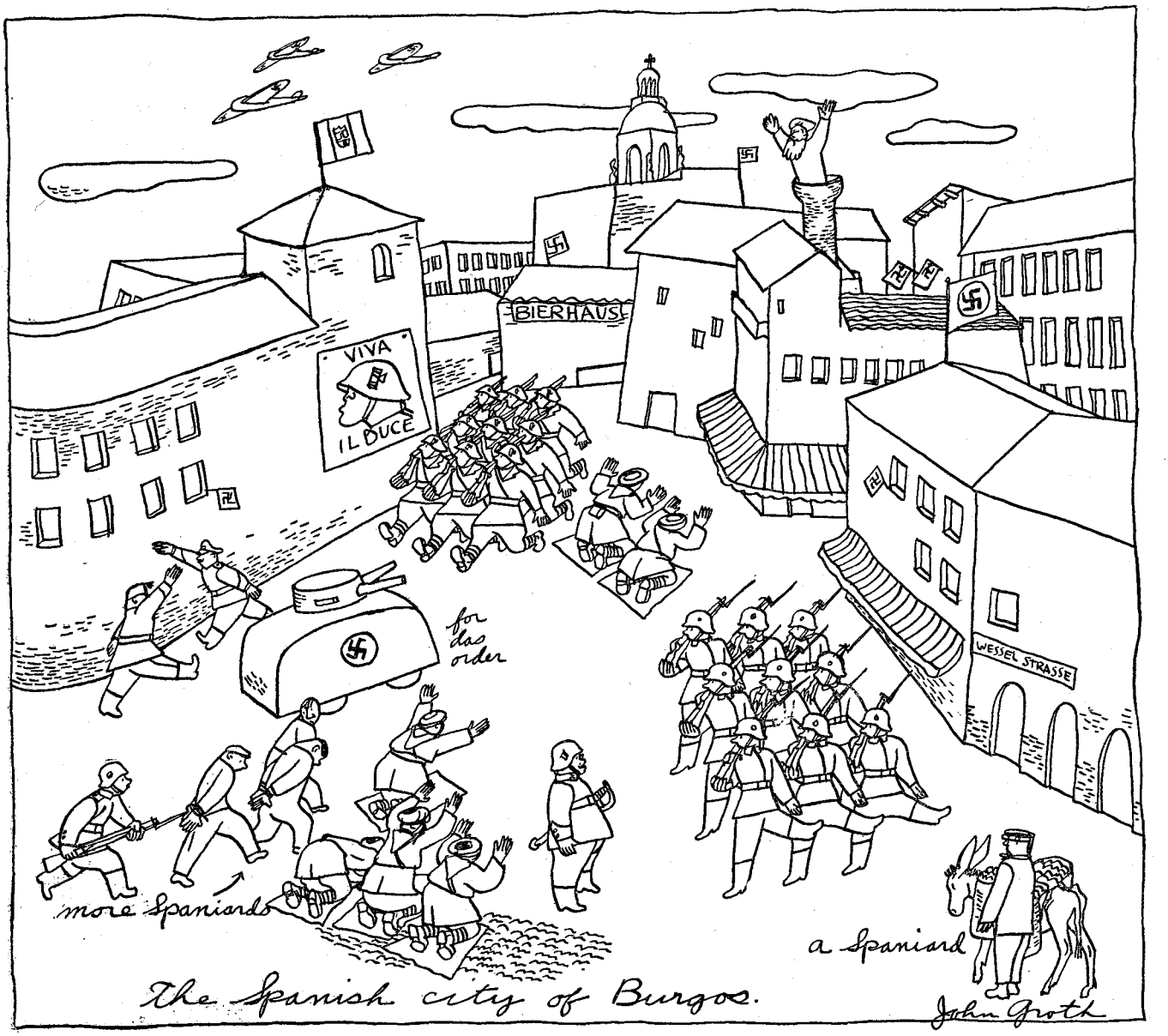
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Rangers into the city to keep order, and the Dallas *Journal* ran a series of biting editorials on the failure of the police to apprehend those responsible for the violence. In addition, rewards amounting to $1,600 have been promised for the arrest and conviction of any of the persons responsible for the Baer slugging or the Harris tar-and-feather party, and a mass-meeting sponsored by the Texas Workers' Defense League was addressed by Norman Thomas. But with few exceptions Dallas "liberals" have failed to interest themselves in the local situation. Their attitude as a whole was, I believe, expressed by one of their number who, in answer to an invitation to sit on the platform at the Thomas meeting, suggested that the meeting would probably be more effective "if the entire evening should be entirely freed from seeming partisanship by the infusion of recent local grievances."

Although there has been a lull of more than a month since the last anti-union beating was reported, it is certain that no fundamental solution has been reached. Immediately after the Thomas meeting Ford workers staged another of their mass demonstrations, in which the leaders denounced the Governor for sending Rangers into the city and threatened further violence to C. I. O. organizers.

Dallas's open and violent suppression of the right to organize is not likely to be curbed by anything less than a determined effort to build a strong labor movement in the city. For even if Ford should capitulate to the union in Detroit, it is not likely that he would surrender in Dallas, where the open-shop is so securely intrenched. When the C. I. O. does decide to organize Dallas, as it must in the near future, it will enter on one of the longest, hardest, and probably bloodiest fights it has to face in the entire country.

Behind the Enemy Lines—by John Groth



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is a word on getting old. Rather a trite subject? Quite so—and often painful. I am moved to it by a recent outburst of Henry L. Mencken, who has had the impudence to say that he has known me "close to one hundred years," when he has only been cognizant of my existence some twenty. Heywood Broun too has had his fling. He called for a stone-carver to put the word "emeritus" upon my headstone, which struck me as odd, for if I am so dead as to merit a tombstone I cannot be emeritus, but must be well beyond the reach of earthly arrows and slings. He averred, too, that someone had told him—nobody did—that I objected to his reference to my gray hairs. Not at all. When one has been a critic by profession all one's life, one knows well, or ought to know, that nothing will be sacred to those who would turn the tables, and that the critic above all others must be able to take a dose of his own medicine with a smile and perfect cheer. There is nothing sacrosanct about my disappearing gray hairs.

I must confess, however, that I am still a little new to having age flung in my face. Every other quality that I can think of has been hurled at me at one time or another. But it is only recently that some people have believed that I can be finished off by the adjective "old," or "senile." If I were a Japanese I suppose I should be flattered; just now I am especially glad that I am *not* a Japanese. It's curious, isn't it, that when one has reached a certain age, that becomes the complete explanation for any dissent. I have no doubt that if I had taken the opposite course from what I have and declared that Mr. Roosevelt's court plan was a great and noble program for American emancipation from judicial tyranny, and if I had said that labor must be permitted to be above the law and meet the law-breaking employers with equal or superior law-breaking, I should now find myself described as that "wise and ever-youthful patriot whose flaming spirit has not been quenched by oncoming years"; or as "an elder statesman who always thinks clearly and knows just where the truth lies." You see it's not really a matter of years, but just whose side you are on. If you are against us, why then your gray hairs are merely another stick with which to beat the treasonable liberal you have proved to be.

Well, I find that age has not quite robbed me of a sense of humor, for I smile when I recall that a good liberal said to me only last week: "Do you think Mencken will ever grow up? To me he talks just like an immature boy." So there youth was the club with which to beat the dog. I won't follow suit. But when I read in this piece of Mencken's in which he resurrected poor antiquated me his accusation that I have at one time or another been carried away with enthusiasm for A. Lawrence Lowell, Theodore Roosevelt, Hiram Johnson, and William E. Borah, as well as Wilson, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Who is senile now?" For the fact is that I always took Johnson on sufferance, never fell for Lowell, bitterly opposed Theodore Roosevelt, never was a Bull Mooser, and never went beyond an admiration for Borah's mental powers—always coupled with an unanswered wonder how a man with such abilities and such pretense to liberalism could have failed to head and lead the progressive forces in the United States. Sometimes I have even pondered the question whether Borah was not born old and therefore destined to become tired just as soon as any cause in which he was interested went off the first page. So, Mr. Scorer, please note Mr. Mencken's fielding average. Out of five tries he made four errors.

Jousting aside, there *are* compensations when a man is in his sixth decade. Not only the trite, familiar ones but some others, too. There is the youth of today. To see them coming on, one can easily forget one is old and cheerfully prepare to make room for them. Don't talk to me about the decadence of modern youth! I won't have it. I know that our next generation has more sense, more knowledge, more intelligence by far about the problems of the world than we had. They are virile and courageous without state labor camps and compulsory military drill. They are brave without being convinced, like the Patagonian savage of three centuries ago, that to be a really good citizen one must prepare to kill other men. They are incredibly unafraid, although they perceive how complete is the uncertainty of the future and how unlimited the mess their elders have made of the world. They don't go to church or kneel before an altar, except to get married, but they are just as well behaved and as moral and decent —more so I think—as were their parents at their age.

Life does not look wholly black in the sixth decade. It is a boon of age that the grass seems greener, the flowers richer in their hues, the trees grander, the ponds and lakes more challenging and enticing, all nature lovelier, than ever before. One has more time to ruminate. One has moments to feel sorry for that kindly and brilliant Henry Mencken, who out of cynical worldliness never allows himself the joy of a thoroughgoing enthusiasm for anybody. One has time to admire the magnificent passion with which Heywood Broun has thrown himself into the labor movement. I do not care whether his judgment is good or bad. As I look over still waters and distant hills, I give unqualified thanks that a man such as he has found this way to serve his fellow-Americans—that a "lit'ry feller" has taken up the cudgels for labor and made himself by his devotion a foremost leader. May his example commend itself to many!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF THE MARY BONFIELD

BY RICCARDO BACCHELLI

[*The story which appears below* was printed in the* Corriere della Sera *of Milan as the literary feature of the issue of July 26, 1937. Its author, Riccardo Bacchelli, is a well-known Italian novelist and poet, whose political record is such that he has found it possible to remain as a regular contributor to the* Corriere della Sera, *the most widely circulated newspaper in Italy and, of course, rigorously fascist.*

The significance of the allegory of the Mary Bonfield is unmistakable; and this incident is only one sign of the current unrest in the ranks of the Italian intelligentsia. Recently, for instance, there was the case of a play, "The Elephant," written by Sem Benelli, until last year a fervent fascist. His drama contained carefully veiled attacks on the regime. When audiences cheered it with an enthusiasm that seemed out of proportion to its merits, the performances were stopped.

The rat has figured in other tall tales but seldom with such pointed effect. That such a story could escape the watchfulness of the fascist censor is a measure of the confusion and ignorance that permeate dictatorial bureaucracy; its cold recital of what has already occurred, and its prophecy, at the end, of what the rats will do before the ship sinks give a hint of the intellectual despair which prevails in Mussolini's Italy.]

SEVERAL friends had been telling tall tales. A discussion arose as to who had heard the tallest story of all, and they began inventing whoppers. One member of the group, however, had remained silent from the start, smiling evasively as if in polite forbearance. Had no one ever boasted to him of extraordinary adventures?

"They have happened to me!" he answered.

"Then tell us about the most harrowing," we exclaimed.

"It isn't easy to choose. Well, I believe this particular one happened to me in the Pacific. You know that I have traveled a great deal by sea (this was said with that conviction of being believed which checks all objection). Yes, mine were long sea voyages. This time we were becalmed far off all ordinary courses. And what heat! The tar ran off the sides and the sea looked as though it were about to rot. Drinking water had already been rationed when we perceived a schooner in the direction in which we were slowly heading. It was standing stock still. It had no sails and seemed deserted. Here and there from the rigging dangled ragged cloths, hung as though to dry. Was this an abandoned ship, a derelict? Was everyone dead on board?

"We hailed it. Then I saw, as did all who had field glasses or good eyesight, a human being appear on the quarterdeck. It was a man, emaciated, pitiful, repulsive. He had a long stringy beard, and his bearing was that of a slave under some dreadful, stifling threat. His voice reached us through the megaphone, weak and submissive. I am going to tell you not only what he told us but what we were later able to reconstruct.

"The Mary Bonfield had just set sail for Europe with a cargo of dried beef and canned meat (it was during the World War and there was a great demand for these products) when a virulent form of influenza broke out on board and wiped out one-third of the crew in three days. The boat was an old schooner which had been hurriedly reconditioned because of the high freight charges prevalent at that period. It was overrun, or rather absolutely infested, with rats—rats fattened on dried meat. The epidemic which had laid low or killed off most of the wretched crew had given the run of the ship to the vermin, which had swarmed up from below. The Mary Bonfield had been adrift for eight months. The survivors had tried to get rid of these pests, but the rats had got the best of them, thanks to their shrewd tactics. They returned to their holes, but whenever one of the unfortunate convalescents stretched out his hand to reach either food or drink, or if he happened to close his eyes to sleep, tens, hundreds of the foul beasts would rush toward him, fearless, in regular formation, with military discipline, divided into squadrons and battalions. They had captains as well as a supreme commander, a kind of king in the person of an old rat who governed with absolute authority. The men who had not died of hunger and thirst or who had not gone mad with horror and disgust had sought refuge on the masts, to which they lashed themselves in order to sleep. It was their rags that we saw dangling there. The rats quickly got the whip hand. They spared only three of the crew—the man who spoke to us and two others who opened the cans of meat for the rats after they had devoured the dried meat. These men, of course, had ceased to assert their rights. Who has not seen that sailor's face cannot picture it. It was that of a man enslaved, obedient, fearful, yet respecting and worshiping his masters, whom he had learned to understand just as they had learned to understand him. And he resembled them, how he resembled them! He had the eyes of a rat caught in a trap!

"When our captain told him that he was sending help, the man begged him to do nothing of the kind since he would be devoured by the rats before the rescuers could reach him. We shouted back enjoining him to jump overboard and swim to us. He answered that the terrible

* Translated by Hélène Paquin Cantarella

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

animals were holding his two companions in the hold as hostages and that they had so mastered the art of torture that they had nothing to learn from man.

"Spiritually a slave, and like a slave who loses all courage and stands in fear of his own thoughts when under the eye of his master, this man was as cowed as a trained animal in the presence of its tamer. And when he asked us to throw a hawser to tow the Mary Bonfield I felt sure that he was obeying a thought, a plan, transmitted to him by these devilish animals. They wished to invade our ship. All who are acquainted with ships and ports know that hawsers drawn from ship to ship serve as gangplanks for rats.

"I informed the captain, who answered that the whole thing was nothing but a hallucination of that poor madman on the quarterdeck. He ordered that the dinghy be manned. But suddenly the rats from our own hold poured out on to the deck and ran about as though possessed, foolhardy beyond belief, contemptuous—and should I say it?—already acting like masters.

"Our crew seized brooms and made short shrift of them. As a precautionary measure the men in the dinghy armed themselves with brooms and hunting guns loaded with buckshot. Meanwhile, the madman (what else could one call him?) begged us to do nothing because the rats were growing more and more furious."

"And you?" we asked. "What did you do?"

"We sent the Mary Bonfield to the bottom, so that it might not be a menace to other ships. But we did not come in time to prevent the rats from taking their revenge on their slaves."

His gravity made us laugh. He was not annoyed, but asked us if we knew anything about the industry, discipline, intelligence, and strategy of rats, who, were it not for epidemics and their own ferocity, would be the masters of the world.

When we advised him to sell his story to the advertising department of some rat-poison factory, he looked at us with that air of superior forbearance indicative of the true boaster.

BOOKS

French Mural

THE DEPTHS AND THE HEIGHTS. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS is the sixth English-language instalment of M. Romains's "Men of Good Will," a work in which, thus far, he has devoted more than three thousand pages to taking us chronologically from the autumn of 1908 into the year 1912. The author's invention shows no sign of flagging; his alternance of incident and his skill in keeping the panorama of society in movement are no less deft than in the earlier volumes. Most remarkable of all, his clinical detachment continues to be uninfluenced by the good and evil in the characters of his creation. As if they were not his creatures at all, were creatures of history rather than of fable, he reports with scrupulous objectivity their movement through a world of disquiet and anguish from which he remains, at least in seeming, totally aloof. Proust analyzed a society in which he was a constant participant; Romains, equally impressive though not so moving, participates only about as much as Fabre participated in the realm of entomology.

What mankind was like at the end of an era, in the years 1908-14, is already cruelly plain. Somewhere in every being there is chaos, somewhere in every mind confusion. With one the confusion is moral in the Anglo-American sense, that is, in the domain of sexuality; with another it is moral in the French sense, by which I mean the concern to see self and the world of man as they are. Obscurely, in their hearts, these characters are by and large men of good intent, of good-will; but in their heritage, in their upbringing, in their associations, in their innocent delusion that they can, each of them, fool all the rest—and themselves too—what in the end characterizes them all and makes them brothers is their all-too-human weaknesses.

The two "books" of which this volume is composed are called respectively by Romains "Recours à l'Abîme" (Recourse to the Abyss) and "Les Créateurs" (The Creators). After some heartsearching doubtless, the translator, or perhaps the publisher, has called then "To the Gutter" and "To the Stars." I have no particular quarrel with this dichotomy, though I regret that the active sense of "recourse" was not retained in the first title. More than half of this book is given over to George Allory, the feeble critic and novelist who, mortified and made ill by his failure to be elected to the French Academy, seeks a change of preoccupation, even relief, in a minor form of sexual aberration. A good part of the second book tells the story of Dr. Viaur's intensive labor and concentration on a purely professional phenomenon. Romains has no word of blame for Allory, no hint of praise for Viaur. Whether or not, in subsequent volumes, Allory is to be regenerated and Viaur to succeed is a nice question. The answer, certainly, will not result from an arbitrary decision by the author. If one put the question to M. Romains, he might retort, "What happens to such people in life? That is what will happen to them in my novel." As a weakling, Allory must, I should say, go under—though even so he may still achieve a worldly success, may still get his seat in the Academy. About Viaur I hesitate to guess: three to two he succeeds are my odds, weighted in his favor by the fact that M. Romains himself once wrote a book on extra-retinal perception.

One can feel politics moving ominously into the foreground. Poincaré, here at the head of his ministry, is being groomed for the presidency of the republic. The Russian entente will be strengthened by the movement of more French savings into Czarist bonds. There will be conversations between general staffs. Caillaux is on the way out. M. Romains's Gurau will prove himself (another guess) an opportunist, for all his earlier respect for Jaurès. And then M. Romains will tell us why the Frenchman went to war and what it was like to go into such a war.

Reading this instalment, one wonders what much of it can mean to an American. Allory's passion to get into the Academy, for example, and the intrigue it comports: this seems to me something for all but a few to yawn over. Such references as those to Fallières's anti-clericalism, to ministerial jockeying, to Madame Godorp's resolve to found a salon in which to push Gurau's political fortunes—all this must be pretty esoteric, read in America. On the other hand, it is precisely this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sort of detail which makes "Men of Good Will" a book that is truly French, revealing again and again modes of thought, habits of approach to personal concerns, that are specifically different to what would be found in a novel not written by a Frenchman. It would be amusing to separate out, in this massive work, that which is universal from that which is the product of Descartes, the French Revolution, and the system of education imposed by the late Ernest Lavisse (following Napoleon).

As in the earlier volumes there is the usual budget of fragmentary reference to the progress in the relations subsisting between a multitude of men and women, and the usual (very welcome) exposition of the workings of a special sort of mind or craft. The poet Strigelius displays himself a kind of Valéry, and we have four or five chapters on his method of composition. That painter, Ortegal, whom Jallez describes, might by his Spanish-sounding name and other indications have been drawn from the Picasso of 1912. All these bits bring out more clearly Romains's chief difficulty, his chief problem, which is that of time. For myself, I am not yet able to see this novel structurally in three dimensions, as one sees "War and Peace," for example, or "Ulysses." I cannot see "Men of Good Will" except as a mural along which one walks forward through time from October, 1908, to—when? But what a mural!

LEWIS GALANTIERE

"To See Oursel's"

THE SAVAGE HITS BACK. By Julius E. Lips. Yale University Press. $5.

THE idea behind this book is an original and an extremely clever one. Professor Lips has for years been gathering examples of the art of primitive peoples which show how these folk have depicted the Europeans with whom they have been in contact. His position as head of the department of anthropology in the ethnological museum in Cologne afforded him many opportunities to gather material of this sort, and the graphic story told in the preface of how he escaped with his collection of photographs from Germany after he had refused to go along with his fellow-Nordics and embrace Nazi dogma gives us a glimpse of the richness of his collection, of which but a fraction is reproduced here.

It is the author's belief that through art objects of this sort we can gain an insight into the reactions of native peoples to the powerful force that came into their lives with the advent of Europeans. And we are convinced that he is right as we see the aspects of the life of the whites that have attracted the eye of the native artist. Beginning with drawings of European ships, we are shown depictions of the military and early civilian representatives of the white man, of the "strange things" Europeans brought with them for their own use, of the bearers of Christianity—priests, nuns, and Protestant missionaries—together with certain aspects of Christian doctrine, of merchants and traders, and finally of the rulers of the various European nations under whose control the natives had come. Many of these are impressive as art—such as the Maori Madonna and Child, or the Congo drawing of the Crucifixion, or the Kwakiutl carving of a sailor, or the New Ireland masks of bearded Europeans. Others are amusing in the extreme, though whether they were intended as caricature we cannot know. Having looked at these samples of Professor Lips's collection, we can well agree with his expressed hope that it will be possible for him in the future to make generally available the rest of his material.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to be as enthusiastic about the text as one can be about the illustrations. The reader might well omit entirely the two opening chapters. The sketch of the history of European expansion in the first has been better done many times elsewhere without either the unjustifiable sweeping generalizations or the errors of fact that mark this attempt. There is, furthermore, a naive lack of appreciation of the "toughness" of native cultures in the face of European aggression that is surprising in one who has done field-work among native peoples. Even more serious objections are to be raised against much of the second chapter, where the author's theoretical position is stated. It simply cannot be established, for instance, that the "making of masks originated in the worship of the dead"; while the fallacy of the position that would endow primitive man with a special kind of "prelogical" mentality has been demonstrated again and again. Excellent admonitions against confusing primitive art with that of children of our own culture, or of our insane, are larded into these unacceptable passages, but the treatment as a whole is such that the net result is quite confusing. Perhaps this confusion is an example of what occurs when an exponent of the current German-Austrian "cultural-historical school" of ethnological theory attacks a specific problem of this sort. For this school, to which Professor Lips gives his allegiance, is so intent on reconstructing the history of mankind on a world-wide scale that a particular problem such as this can apparently be seen only in terms of a frame of reference that is ready to hand.

The underlying idea of Professor Lips in writing this book is, however, as I said, original and worth while. It is to be hoped that it will be followed by other studies of the same sort, but studies in which the author will be content to hold to his problem, and not attempt to include the entire field of primitive art and the spread of human culture as well.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Treasure of Dedalus

COLLECTED POEMS. By James Joyce. The Viking Press. $2.

JOYCE'S fifty lyrics now appear in a complete and popular American edition for the first time, and it is possible that to many readers they will come not only as a novelty but as an incongruity. The gap between these muted songs of love and grief and the immense verbal resources of "Ulysses" or the "Work in Progress" requires a leap of sympathy and comprehension which few modern poets exact. But anyone who meets this difficulty will find it overcome if he returns to the proper context of these poems—the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Their slender chime and glancing music haunted the youthful mind of Stephen Dedalus. They originated in that "treasure of phrases" from which, during his troubled explorations of Dublin, he drew the stanzas that first expressed his dedication to the torment and beauty of language.

> Words. Was it their colors? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colors: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and color? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycolored and richly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid, supple periodic prose.

Thus Dedalus stood poised between the twin sirens of his early reveries—the subtleties of legend and dialectic and the magic of his sensibility—and throughout the "Portrait" it was "the inner world of individual emotions" that held his ear; the "language manycolored and richly storied" was yet to come. The boy "allowed his mind to summon back to itself the age of Dowland and Byrd and Nashe"; or "passing a grimy marine dealer's shop beyond the Liffey he would repeat the song by Ben Jonson which begins, 'I was not wearier where I lay' "; "his mind when wearied of its search for the essence of beauty amid the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas turned often for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans . . . to hear the grave and mocking music of the lutanists or the frank laughter of waistcoateers:"

> A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft low swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret quietly and swiftly.

Here Joyce is both his own biographer and his own critic. He names the origins of his verse, its continuous derivations from Elizabethan music and folk-song, Celtic balladry, and the word-magic of the modern impressionists, and he describes exactly the quality of feeling and imagination out of which his lyrics crystallized. He expresses the ordeal of confusion and curiosity out of which they were born, and the flaw that lurks in verse so impressionable, imitative, and spellbound by sound and cadence. For all the unity of this slim volume, it holds a variety of echoes. Irish folk-song is the least of them, for the greater impulse is aristocratic and sensuous. Dowland, Byrd, Nashe, and Jonson figure clearly enough, but a more cavalier elegance lilts elsewhere; Verlaine's tones are almost literally reproduced in Alone and "All day I hear"; a kind of heraldic splendor, perhaps from Hugo or Meredith, flashes in "I saw an army"; and three of the "Pomes Penyeach" reflect the broken lights and dissonances of Joyce's later expressionistic fictions.

To emphasize these leanings is, of course, gratuitous: Joyce himself has been so profoundly aware of the risks and limitations of such verse that he has made the extension and mastery of them his creative problem. It is a verse that must be saved from pastiche by the firmest possible sincerity in style, and it requires a long labor of assimilation and experiment—Stephen's hourly preoccupation—before a personal tone is finally achieved. Consequently, in even so thin a collection gradations of quality and success are sharp. In half the pages the mood of plaintive heartbreak or swooning despair becomes monotonous, and understudy is so obvious that a single misplaced syllable becomes a discord. In "Chamber Music" this is especially so, but in most of the later "Pomes Penyeach" feeling is reduced to so faultless a simplicity, grief to so exquisite an ache, and the sentiment of beauty to such fastidious insight that the poet's doubts become instantly resolved, simplified, and dismissed, and the result is some of the purest strains of lyric utterance to be found in the English of any century. It appears at its finest in Simples, Tutto è Sciolto, Flood, A Flower Given to My Daughter, "Thou leanest to the shell of night," and "Though I thy Mithridates were." A book that contains these and a dozen lyrics of equal purity must be valued not only for what it shows of the initial poetic

THE GREAT AMERICAN MASTERPIECE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO OWN

NOW.... $2

For a limited time only

STUDS LONIGAN

This volume contains, complete, the three volumes: "Young Lonigan," "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," and "Judgment Day"

By

JAMES T. FARRELL

Author of

"A WORLD I NEVER MADE"

"One of the most significant and powerful works of the imagination in contemporary letters."—*THE NATION, citing the author in its Annual Honor Roll.*

"For all my professional caution I give it first place in American fiction since the World War."—*C. B. Palmer in THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.*

"It is not only possible but rather easy to claim for this author first place among present-day novelists."—*A. D. Emmart in THE BALTIMORE EVENING SUN.*

"A trilogy that is one of the most powerful works of modern American fiction . . . a work of art."—*John Chamberlain in THE NEW YORK TIMES.*

Only 10,000 copies of this popular-priced edition of Mr. Farrell's great trilogy have been printed. When these have been exhausted the price will revert to $3.00. STUDS LONIGAN has been termed the greatest novel in contemporary literature. It is the only novel to have won for its author a Book-of-the-Month Club Fellowship.

Over *1100 pages—and the price is only $2 at all bookstores*

NOTE:

While the supply of this $2.00 edition of STUDS LONIGAN lasts, a special combination rate of $4.50 has been fixed for it together with the volume of the collected SHORT STORIES OF JAMES T. FARRELL (almost 1,000 pages—regular retail price $3.00). This combination price is offered by all booksellers.

Mail this coupon to your bookseller or to
The Vanguard Press
424 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me:
☐ A copy of the special edition of STUDS LONIGAN ($2.00).
☐ A copy of the special edition of STUDS LONIGAN ($2.00) plus the $3.00 edition of THE SHORT STORIES OF JAMES T. FARRELL (Special Combination Price, $4.50).
☐ I enclose check or money order. ☐ Send C.O.D.

Signed .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Great Imitator" Is Unmasked!

WHAT are the symptoms of syphilis—which often cause it to masquerade as any one of many other disorders? Is it curable? May syphilitics marry? The cost of thorough treatment? Opportunities for clinical treatment? The first book published for the layman whose title, language, illustrations do not mince words—on a subject on which every citizen should inform himself and his family. Send $1 for your copy today. (Also ask for special prices on quantity purchases.)

SYPHILIS

THE NEXT GREAT PLAGUE TO GO

By Morris Fishbein, M.D.

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, SO. WASHINGTON SQ., PHILA., PA.

by FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF A BULLFIGHTER

AND OTHER POEMS

With a translation by A. L. Lloyd. With text and translation on facing pages, this beautiful volume will help English-speaking readers to learn something of the great Spanish poet recently shot in Spain. "These poems get at the nerve centers directly. . . . More than bullets or bonfires are necessary to eradicate such songs."—*The New Yorker.* $2.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ONLY NEW YORK APPEARANCE THIS SEASON!

COMPINSKY TRIO

The Three Compinskys are known throughout the world for their great contribution to chamber music. Their annual broadcasts over a nationwide network are eagerly awaited by music lovers throughout the country.

Proceeds to go toward a fully equipped and staffed dental ambulance for Spain.

Under auspices Dental Division, Medical Bureau to aid Spanish Democracy

Tickets obtainable at: Dental Division, 381 Fourth Ave., Murray Hill 4-5301

TOWN HALL
113 West 43rd St.

Town Hall Box Office: Columbia Univ. Bookstore, 2960 B'way; Rand School, 7 E. 15th St.; Workers Bookshops, 50 E. 13th St.; 369 Sutter Ave., B'klyn; N. Y. U., Washington Square

Prices: $1.65 to 75c, loges $2.00

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Thurs. Eve.
OCT.
14th
8:30

MOTION PICTURE PARADE

20 a Film Study series devoted to Motion Pictures, beginning October 27. Free illustrated Folder upon request.

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SILENT AND SOUND FILMS OLD AND NEW

At every meeting there will be specially selected films, old and new, domestic and foreign, fictional and documentary, silent and sound. Also 20 minute discussions by actors, directors, critics, and writers including:

GILBERT SELDES — JULIEN BRYAN — FRITZ LANG
WM. J. FADIMAN — TERRY RAMSAYE — PAUL STRAND
MARK VAN DOREN — GROUCHO MARX — CAPT. JOHN CRAIG
WILLIAM DE MILLE

Subscription for Entire Series of 20 — $7.50

Columbia University McMILLIN THEATRE

Film Study Series, University Extension

Broadway and 116th Street, N.Y. Telephone, UNiversity 4-3200

CALL, WRITE OR TELEPHONE FOR RICHLY ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

impulse of a man who conjured from his innate passion for language some of the major prose of our time, but as a book of airs in the finest tradition of English speech, flattering alike to its models and to the ear and feeling of Joyce's contemporaries.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Beal: Testimony and Summation

PROLETARIAN JOURNEY. By Fred E. Beal. Hillman, Curl. $2.75.

USING the date line of "nowhere" to confound both the capitalist "justice" that gave him a twenty-one-year prison sentence for leading the 1929 Gastonia textile strike and his erstwhile Communist comrades, Fred Beal addresses this communiqué to the world at large; or more specifically to such persons as may be interested in the "truth." For the liberal apprentices of radical politics it will prove most inconvenient. Those who dare to read it will doubtless sigh, like the hill-billy grandmaw when she first heard the story of the Crucifixion, "Well, it's a turrible story. Let's hope t'want so."

Unfortunately, there is good reason to believe that Beal's story is true in every important particular. His career in the radical labor movement in Lawrence, Dover, New Bedford, and Gastonia is to a large extent a matter of public record. After the patently framed Gastonia conviction he and four of his six codefendants, each out on $5,000 bail pending the appeal of their cases, sailed for Soviet Russia against the wishes of the Central Committee of the American Communist Party. Beal says he never intended to skip bail; that he merely wanted a brief vacation in the workers' fatherland; that even before they reached Russia he and Red Hendricks had repented leaving America and wrote the Communist Party asking for their return fare, saying they were prepared to serve their sentences if the appeal to the Supreme Court went against them, as it did. But the Comintern, without consulting either Beal or his codefendants, reversed the decision of the American Communist Party, told the five Gastonia refugees to remain in Russia, and eventually brought over the remaining two.

Beal never reconciled himself to this decision; he had promised the Gastonia workers that he'd stick until they had a firmly established union; instead he had skipped out—a kind of Lord Jim slip which he never forgave himself. He begged the Comintern to let him go back, he wrote letters to Roger Baldwin, with the result that in September, 1930, a story in the New York *Times* caused a considerable sensation: Beal and Red Hendricks, it appeared, would prefer a North Carolina jail to the Soviet utopia. As guests they were, in fact, both unhappy and troublesome. Beal saw too much of both workers' misery and bureaucrats' cynicism. As a student in the Lenin school he was compelled to parade with his fellow-students past the Palace of Labor on the night Ramzin was tried, shouting, "Death to the wreckers!" The Sacco-Vanzetti case had made Beal a Communist. The Ramzin trial and other similar experiences made him write:

> How I burned with shame at the sight of this organized mob inspired with lust for blood. I, too, had faced death at the hands of biased justice, a system of justice which I had fought to the limit. Was this to be the system of the new society, this drilled and cowed crowd led by packs of bloodhounds, and all in the name of socialism?

In 1931 Beal returned to America with the expectation that he and Hendricks would surrender to the North Carolina

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authorities. But Hendricks didn't appear; interest in his case had lapsed, and Beal decided to go back to Russia. His job on his return was to supervise the foreign workers at the Kharkov tractor plant. But the G.P.U. representative objected to Beal's "bourgeois" notion of letting these workers have their say about living and working conditions; when they staged a hunger march on the factory Beal was obliged to denounce the disaffected workers as "fascists." Later when the 1933 famine hit the Ukraine, Beal saw the dead villages and the signs on the graves: "I love Stalin. Bury him here as soon as possible!" Both Hendricks and Beal returned finally to America, the former to be betrayed to the police, so Beal says, by a Communist Party member, Beal to publish articles on Soviet Russia in the *Daily Forward* and in the Hearst press. For this he makes no apology, though most independent radicals and opportunists would enter a strong demurrer at this point.

Beal's book is well organized, well written, and on the whole pretty convincing. It is not the whole truth about Soviet Russia or about the Communist Party, but it is some of the truth. And the truth needs to be told, even though one would have preferred a more balanced and more philosophic testimony.

JAMES RORTY

Of Two Minds

A MIND MISLAID. By Henry Collins Brown. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A MIND RESTORED. By Elsa Krauch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ONE of the most significant discoveries of Sigmund Freud was that the mentally ill—given a sympathetic audience—want to talk about themselves, want to express something verbally which their symptoms are not quite successful in representing, and that the complete verbalizing of this repressed material is of therapeutic value. Listening hour after hour and day after day to the circumstantial, meandering, often unreasonable and inaccurate narratives of these patients is a part of the technique of psychiatric therapy.

It is in this spirit that we should accept the increasingly numerous books in which the reading public is made the listening physician. Very few of them have achieved great popularity, although the sociological success of Clifford Beers's "A Mind That Found Itself" and the literary success of Seabrook's "Asylum" seem to have raised publishers' hopes in regard to the sales appeal of this class of literature. We must not expect from their authors fairmindedness, detachment, or accuracy. We must be willing to forgive bad taste, bad English, bad judgment, bad information. We must be willing to look around these things to the motive that urged them thus to expose their intimate life and sufferings to the world. And since we, the reading public, are not physicians or psychoanalysts, we must admit that it is not for us to point out the essential narcissism gratified by the display. We must just assume that this gratification is part of the therapeutic process and extract what value we can from the material itself.

Henry Collins Brown is the founder of the Museum of the City of New York and the author of numerous books about New York. He was replaced as director of the museum by a younger man, and he ascribes to this disappointment the onset of an acute mental illness for which he was committed in his late sixties to a private sanitarium near New York. Though this illness lasted three years, he recovered and has since written several other books. According to the publisher's note he is now seventy-five years old. His ostensible object in "A

FREE *Correspondence Course in*
Fundamental Economics and Social Philosophy
Write for descriptive booklet N
HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
Chartered by University of State of New York
JOHN DEWEY, Honorary President
211 West 79th St., New York City

Just out! IN THE
MODERN LIBRARY
only 95¢ a copy

No. 216

JOHN STEINBECK'S story of the *paisanos* of Monterey has become a modern classic. This new Modern Library edition has a foreword by Mr. Steinbeck in which he tells why he is sorry he wrote it! **No. 216**

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S most successful novel prior to *The Years*, was TO THE LIGHTHOUSE (No. 217), which now takes its place in the Modern Library with MRS. DALLOWAY (No. 96).

No. 217

THOREAU'S most famous works (including WALDEN) in a single, comprehensive volume of 732 pages, with an introduction by BROOKS ATKINSON. **No. 155**

No. 155

and a new
GIANT
907 pages, $1.25

BURY'S monumental work, A HISTORY OF GREECE, is unquestionably the definitive study of this heroic age, from its beginnings to the death of Alexander. This is the standard text, complete and unabridged, with chronological tables, marginalia, notes, references, index, and 118 illustrations and maps. **No. G35**

No. G35

Have you seen
the Modern Library books lately? They are more attractive than ever — with new picture jackets, new paper, and new bindings. Your bookseller will gladly show them to you, or send you, free, a complete list of 253 titles.

TO ANY BOOKSELLER or
The Modern Library, Dept. N3, 20 E. 57 St., N. Y.
Please send me the books whose numbers I have encircled:
No. 216 No. 217 No. 96 No. 155 No. G35
☐ I enclose $..... (or) ☐ Send C.O.D.
☐ Send free complete MODERN LIBRARY CATALOG
Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....
Satisfaction guaranteed—you may return any Modern Library book you order, for full refund, within 5 days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mind Mislaid" was to demonstrate that pessimism in regard to mental illness is unjustified and also that the taboo concerning mental illness is a hindrance to its proper treatment.

High-minded as the author's purpose was, the reviewer must point out that it is not news that such seriously ill patients often recover; all intelligent people know that. Perhaps a few people still believe that "once insane, always insane," but from the psychiatrist's standpoint a more serious obstacle to the proper treatment of the mentally ill is the too great optimism which prevails. The average person, having experienced innumerable minor mental ills, is apt to discount their seriousness and the necessity of treatment.

But there are more serious objections to Mr. Brown's book. It is written in the jocular, breezy, raconteur style of the newspaper reporter assigned to a local-color story. It is replete with attempts to be funny which fall flat. One cannot essay to encourage the mentally ill and refer to them by such terms as "cuckoo," "members of the suicide club," "rummies," "goofs." Brown has a curious mixture of sympathy and disdain toward his fellow-patients. Toward the institution itself he assumes a patronizing, humorously critical attitude, as if to say, "To be sure they cured me and I am grateful to them and they do a lot of good, but of course, after all, they are a quaint, stupid, arbitrary crowd, who conduct their strange little village in a strange way."

Moreover, Brown dramatizes the life histories of the other patients in a way which becomes tiresome and excites incredulity; one suspects that he has taken liberties with the facts to make them conform to the conventional ideas about mentally ill patients. My eye falls, for example, upon this, "We had some really distinguished guests—General Pershing, Ramsay MacDonald, John D., Mayor Walker, Henry Ford, Napoleon, Field Marshal Foch, Herbert Hoover, Mussolini, the Queen of Sheba, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Ethel Barrymore, Katharine Cornell, Lady Astor, Fannie Hurst, and Edna Ferber." Now I have worked with psychiatric patients daily for a good many years, and in spite of popular suppositions and Mr. Brown's report to the contrary, I have never seen a patient who thought he was any one of these persons and very seldom one who thought he was any person except himself. While this representation of a psychiatric hospital as a kind of fancy-dress ball may be amusing, it is not accurate.

It would be amazing to find popular misapprehensions of this kind sprinkled through the account of a man who spent three years in a hospital for mental illness, if one did not know that a man may spend many months in a hospital without accurately observing what goes on around him and emerge with little recollection of the mental turmoil he has undergone. The saving tendency of the personality to forget what it does not choose to remember accounts for the fact that many of the "true-story" accounts of former patients omit most of the essential facts concerning their experiences and dwell instead—as does Brown's book—on more or less inaccurate impressions and philosophical theories gleaned from books, newspapers, and hearsay.

Elsa Krauch's account of the experiences of Jim Curran, like Brown's book, describes the hospital residency of a mentally sick man. It fortunately escapes the error of trying to be funny, although at times it goes to the other extreme of being maudlin and very dull, presupposing a greater interest on the part of the general public in the melancholy ratiocinations of a neurotic mind. Miss Krauch has a very different theme from that of Brown; she seems to wish to show that private sanitariums are a "racket" and that state hospitals are very nice places where a person can fall back on the benevolence of the taxpayers and get well without worrying about what it costs to be sick. She begins with the miserable experiences of Mr. Curran at a cheap private sanitarium and thereby becomes diverted into a false representation of the whole problem. Curran got into a bad hospital, of his own selection, and then into a good hospital; the first one happened to be a private one and the second a public one. For the author to conclude that private sanitariums are bad, mercenary, and cruel and that state hospitals are generous, free, and benevolent is inaccurate and misleading.

It is true that most state hospitals do their job, the custodial care of large masses of patients who cannot afford to go elsewhere, fairly well. It is also true that there are some private psychiatric hospitals which do not do this much. But the point is that one can choose one's sanitarium and one cannot choose one's state hospital. So long as the only criteria applied by those seeking the best psychiatric institution for the treatment of themselves or someone near to them are the cheapness and the proximity, one must expect institutions to exist such as that described by Elsa Krauch.

Except for this bias "A Mind Restored" is a better book than "A Mind Mislaid"; it is a more accurate book, a better-written book, but it also a more tiresome book. It is quite suitable to give to the relatives of patients who, on account of their economic condition, are obliged to accept state hospital care and want to think they are doing the best thing. Brown's book, on the other hand, may entertain a few, but it cannot be wisely given to those whom it was presumably intended to encourage.

KARL A. MENNINGER

[Mr. Krutch's drama column, which is unavoidably omitted from this issue, will appear as usual next week.]

FRI. Oct. 15

MECCA TEMPLE, 130 W. 56TH ST., 8:30 P. M.

RALPH BATES

Distinguished British Author
Captain "Lincoln Brigade"

"HOW WILL THE WAR IN SPAIN END?"

ADMISSION: 25c and 50c

Auspices Friends of Lincoln Brigade, 125 West 45th Street. Tel. LOngacre 3-6215 and League of American Writers. 381 Fourth Avenue. Tel. MU 5-0807.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. BATES ON HIS NORTH AMERICAN SPEAKING TOUR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editors

"Uncritical Support"

Dear Sirs: At the moment the outstanding political phenomenon in America is the tendency of those who have an articulate interest in politics to line up on the simple issue: for or against Roosevelt. The illustration which leaps to the mind is the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court and the liberal reaction to the exposure of his membership in the Ku Klux Klan. To some of us the tone of apology or justification for Judge Black's appointment on the part of liberal leaders like Senator George Norris, *The Nation,* and the *New Republic* is even more alarming than the President's amazing failure to investigate charges which were matters of common gossip in Washington as well as in Alabama. Let us admit, as *The Nation* has been at such pains to point out, that Hugo Black as Senator had a good legislative record, especially after March 4, 1933; that the outcry against his appointment in important quarters arises more from a desire to discredit Mr. Roosevelt than from a love of civil liberty; and that some of his critics have their own share of the Klan psychology. What else should we expect?

Senator Black's appointment might have been defensible if he had ever publicly repudiated the Klan or expressed regret for his former membership in it. He did nothing of the sort. He deliberately chose to take the risk of this discovery, remaining under the compulsion to accept condemnation either because he believed in the principles of the Klan or because he was politician enough, or sap enough, to give nominal allegiance to it in order to rise to power. It is simply not true that he has atoned by deeds, if not by words. He, the leading liberal of Alabama, never spoke out on the Scottsboro case. He was commonly understood to be unalterably opposed to the federal anti-lynching law. And it is precisely cases involving the rights of Negroes in which the power of the Supreme Court may be most useful and by which its sincere devotion to liberty can best be tested. Yet in the face of these obvious facts that gallant old liberal, George Norris, finds the Senator's appointment "wonderfully good," and the *New Republic* from its Olympian heights can write: "We might remember that in Alabama in 1923 joining the Klan was much like what joining Rotary or Kiwanis or the Lions is in some small Midwestern town."

I have no enthusiasm for these organizations, but when I read those words my mind went back to a singularly unpleasant specimen of humanity to whom I was introduced in Tampa, Florida, after the Shoemaker murder, with the assurance that he was a Klansman but a Klansman of standards; that he always told the boys they should never use chains but only belts to beat up the objects of their wrath. All of which the man in question confirmed and then went on to warn me that, of course, no one who was a member of the Klan could ever admit it openly to outsiders. The situation in Alabama in 1926 was essentially no different than that in Florida in 1935, and I rise to the defense of Rotary against the *New Republic's* comparison. At the very least, whatever Senator Black's later usefulness, his Klan membership, unless he can completely disprove the charges brought against him, disqualifies him for the Supreme Court of the United States. It is too late now for mere disavowal of present belief in the Klan to rehabilitate the Judge's integrity. New Dealers among lawyers are not so few and far between that the President had no alternative to appointing Senator Black.

Indeed, the President's willingness to appoint first Joe Robinson and next Hugo Black to the Supreme Court is a more effective argument against the adequacy of his plan for reforming the court than anything which his enemies have said. From the first appointment he was saved by Divine Providence or the Roosevelt luck. From the second, abundant warnings to him and to the Senate did not suffice to save him. And in effect, with this record plainly set out before them, the liberals say: "Well, anyhow, Roosevelt and Black hate the economic royalists; what else matters?" Human liberty matters, fair play, and a reasonable regard for the means one chooses to achieve one's end.

It would scarcely be worth while to add to the torrent of words concerning the Black appointment were it not that both the appointment and the liberals' attitude toward it so completely illustrate the danger of the uncritical support they tend to give Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Their eyes are not fixed on any standards of what is desirable but only upon their fears of what has been, or would be, worse. In its extreme form the argument runs: "The Liberty League hates Roosevelt, therefore we must love him. Think how much better he is than Coolidge." I do not, of course, accuse Senator Norris or *The Nation* or the *New Republic* of going to this extreme of simplicity, but I could wish even from them, and certainly from the groups to which they give intellectual leadership, a more vigorous attention to some of the crying problems of the times for which the New Deal presents no solution.

Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to credit for what he has done to help in the organization of labor, but the positive record of his Administration in the field of civil liberties is not good. As for the problem of war and peace, we drift without a constructive policy. There is almost the same lack of direction in economic affairs. The inevitable approach of a new crisis cannot be met automatically by the increased organization of labor, important as that is, or by repetition of the Roosevelt policies of 1933. Is there no way in which thoughtful liberals and labor leaders, while there is still time, can make more effective an educational campaign for a program which has a positive content and an emotional appeal not derived solely from hatred of economic royalists? NORMAN THOMAS

New York, September 28

P.S.—There is nothing in Judge Black's address to change this verdict or condone his concealment of the facts. He may wish, however to prove his liberalism by deeds on the court. N. T.

September 30

Pacifism and Revolution

Dear Sirs: Jessie Wallace Hughan's letter in your issue of July 17 is important in that it proves the total incapacity of "revolutionary non-violent war resistance" to deal effectively with capitalism. Miss Hughan's basic error is revealed in her opening sentence, in which she compares the pacifists' dilemma today with "that which faced their predecessors twenty years ago." Such a com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parison is impossible. Revolutionary pacifism faced no test in 1917; a struggle between rival imperialist powers offered no real problem to those who wished to be loyal both to the workers and to the tenets of pacifism. But in 1937 loyalty to the international working class demands an absolute renunciation of pacifism—and it is this conclusion that Miss Hughan seeks to avoid.

She cannot do this by declaring that proletarian accession to power is more efficient and stable if carried through peaceably and with the active approval of "the people as a whole." Agreed, of course. Agreed, too, that "violence . . . usually hinders and often blocks the revolution itself." But violence, as Miss Hughan well knows, is employed by the counter-revolution; to refuse to defend our gains against the reaction will, it is true, negate the violence of our enemies but it will also insure our being enslaved and exploited by capitalist fascism. This is no way out.

Nor will Miss Hughan avoid the inevitable conclusion by berating the Spanish Republic for its early sins. She blames the republic for not having disarmed the old-regime generals—and the republic is paying for this today—but doesn't she recognize that any such proposal would have called forth an immediate rebellion by the deposed military which would have had to be met, even as in 1936, by the armed might of the people?

Miss Hughan protests against the violence directed against clerical reactionaries. How foolish that sounds here! In July, 1936, in this village where I write the priests handled machine-guns in the church tower against their own parishioners.

What is Miss Hughan's solution? She proposes a "negotiated peace." I cannot understand how the author of "What Is Socialism?" can be so naive. Imperialist powers, of course, can meet, negotiate, bargain—they are fighting over spoils, territory, minerals. But in Spain we are fighting for freedom, the freedom of the Spanish people and of the international working class. What would this "negotiated peace" really mean? At worst, it would mean a real victory for Hitler and Mussolini—one that they could never obtain through force of arms. At best, it would mean a repetition of the pre-war days, with the forces of reaction continuing their conspiracies and bringing on another rebellion in a few years.

The only solution is a military victory by the armed forces of the republic, a victory which must inevitably be accompanied by economic changes and realignments that will make pacifism really possible and practical. This victory demands sacrifice, death, bloodshed today, but it is the only guaranty of peace and happiness tomorrow.

SAMUEL ROMER

Albacete, Spain, August 15

Ossietzky

Dear Sirs: May I direct your attention to the fate of Herr von Ossietzky, the German pacifist, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1936, who for weeks past has been hovering between life and death, having developed grave pulmonary tuberculosis in the concentration camp in which he was imprisoned by the German government from 1933 to 1936?

Ossietzky was transferred to a sanitarium after the award of the prize, but his health has deteriorated since November. The disease has attacked not only the lungs but the larynx and the heart. I have been informed by medical experts that there is no way of arresting the disease outside the Alpine climate of Switzerland. But the German authorities refuse to let him leave the country.

Recent articles in the German press have described Herr von Ossietzky as a free man and as recovering his health. But a comparison of the various articles with one another and with interviews with Ossietzky arranged by the German authorities showed them to be full of contradictions. It is certain that Herr von Ossietzky is neither free nor in health.

It is heartrending to think of this martyr slowly languishing and doomed to a premature death. I cannot see how it can be to the interest of anyone to let Ossietzky die in virtual imprisonment; and I believe it to be to the interest of every genuine friend of peace that his life should be saved.

HENRI LAFONTAINE, President
International Peace Bureau

Brussels, August 30

Relief for China

Dear Sirs: The bombing of refugees and the civilian population of numerous Chinese cities during the past week will greatly aggravate the already stupendous problem of civilian relief in China. It is conservatively estimated that the number of refugees exceeds those cared for at the time of the Great War, and Chinese resources are wholly insufficient to provide relief. No public drive has yet been undertaken to aid noncombatant war victims, but the American Red Cross has agreed to forward such funds as may be contributed to its local chapters to the Chinese Red Cross for relief purposes. In view of the grave immediate need, I strongly urge that individuals and organizations desirous of mitigating this frightful suffering act immediately without waiting for a more formal appeal.

WILLIAM M. CHADBOURNE,
Chairman American Committee for Peace and Security in the Pacific

New York, September 29

CONTRIBUTORS

LUDWIG LORE contributes comment on European affairs regularly to the New York *Post* in a column headed "Behind the Cables." He has just returned from a visit to Europe.

THOMAS MANN has begun publication in Zurich of a new magazine, *Measure and Value*. In a foreword to the first issue he sets forth his political ideals.

HARVEY PINNEY is an instructor in American history at Washington Square College, New York University.

GEORGE LAMBERT has been working as a labor organizer in the deep South. At present he is the national organizer of the Socialist Party assigned to Texas.

LEWIS GALANTIERE is the editor of "The Goncourt Journal: 1851-1870."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, is the author of "Life in a Haitian Valley."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL will publish this fall a collection of modern criticism, "Literary Opinion in America." He is working on a critical history of Victorian poetry.

JAMES RORTY has recorded his story of a journey across the United States in his book "Where Life Is Better."

KARL A. MENNINGER, well-known psychiatrist, will publish this fall "Man Against Himself."

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED